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BY OCTAVE THANET.

THE matron of the county poor-house stood on her porch steps looking down the Xerxes road.

"'Melia,'" she exclaimed with some irritation, "there's a ker-ridge comin' and me not dressed yit. If that ain't jest my luck!"

"Well, I s'pose they'll have to come," answered Amelia, who was a rather pretty young girl in a black alpaca gown modeled after one of far more expensive material; "here, take my ruche. I'll git another. They wun't see me anyhow; and, ma, for gracious' sake pin it in the back, too!"

Amelia had disappeared even as she uttered this last caution; and Mrs. Kearney obediently pinned in her ruche, never taking her eyes off the road.

The Xerxes county poor-house stands in the midst of its own acres, a little back from the highway. The country behind the river hills is flat, and the landscape viewed by Mrs. Kearney had the desolate monotony of a western prairie in spring. The lines were all long and straight and gave the impression of distance; the fences bordered the roads; the roads all ran at right angles; in the distance, rows of leafless poplars stood stiffly against the horizon. Later in the season, nature's affluence of color might hide this ungraceful poverty of form; today, the eye wearied at

dull blacks and browns and dingy yellows. One could see only roads and freshly plowed fields and withered grasses ; the very sky was a thin, dim gray, utterly cloudless. Little, however, did Mrs. Kearney concern herself with the scenery ; her whole attention was given to the carriage which had entered the poor-house yard and was now stopping before the house. A gentleman, whose iron-gray whiskers Mrs. Kearney recognized at once, sprang out and assisted two ladies to alight. The first lady was a tall woman, carrying her rather large frame well, and having plain, strong features brightened by an expression of intelligent humor. Her hair was gray although her eyes were keen. Mrs. Kearney thought she was between forty and fifty years old. The other lady, who was much younger, was slender and graceful and wore mourning garments. As she lifted her veil Mrs. Kearney noticed the point of a widow's cap resting on her soft blonde hair. The face which the lifted veil disclosed was oval and pale, with almond shaped eyes of dark gray, a straight nose, and a mouth that was not the less delicately beautiful because it was a trifle large. Had Mrs. Kearney seen Bernardino Luini's pictures she would probably have recalled the pathetic eyes and mystical half smile of his madonnas ; under the circumstances, never having heard his name or his great master's either, she merely thought that the young lady's eyes were queer but pretty, and that it helped a girl's face mightily to have such long, thick eye-lashes. The gentleman promptly stepped forward.

"You remember me, don't you, Mrs. Kearney?"

"Well, I guess so, Mr. Havens," said the matron, greeting him with the cheerful affability of a clean conscience, "you're the only supervisor ever comes to see us, 'cept once a year."

"Well, I come often enough to make up for the others, don't I? I've brought some ladies this time—Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Tempest, Mrs. Kearney. I told them I couldn't show them any horrors."

"Well, I hope not, sir!"

"But they would find plenty of things to think about and plenty of chance for improvement."

"Indeed, Mr. Havens, the hull house needs painting and the floors have settled so there's cracks all over the wall!"

"I wasn't meaning that, exactly," said Mr. Havens, smiling, "but repairs *are* needed. Well, ladies, here is the house."

Both his companions looked intently at the yellow brick farmhouse with its wooden wings. While they looked, Mrs. Kearney studied their clothes for Amelia's benefit, at the same time reviewing all the gossip which she had heard about the Tempests. Xerxes had a perennial interest in the Tempests; people who only spend their summers in a place are so much more piquant than one's year long neighbors! Some seven years before Mrs. Kearney watched the Tempest carriage from her porch, they had bought a place on the river a few miles from town. They had torn down the farm-house of the former owner, and built a Queen Anne cottage whose vermilion moldings were softened by a profusion of vines. Mrs. Tempest was an invalid, but Cardine Blake, Mrs. Tempest's ward, presided at frequent dinner parties and lawn parties, and the Xerxes friends who came to call in the afternoon were always pressed to stay and drive home by moonlight. Mr. Tempest had the stately southern cordiality (he was a St. Louis lawyer), and Mrs. Tempest's gentle helplessness was very winning; moreover, there was young Ralph Tempest, the only son, handsome and gay as a young cavalier; it is easy to see that they were delightful people. The interest in them did not wane even when Ralph Tempest married Cardine Blake, whom he had known all his life, rather than the pretty Xerxes girl picked out for him. The Xerxes friends were generous and forgave him, and sent a multitude of fish-knives and sardine-forks as tokens of their good will. For the next three months there were more dinner parties and lawn parties than ever; then suddenly Ralph Tempest had a sharp attack of pneumonia, and almost before his friends knew that he was ill he had left his new happiness and his young wife forever. Five years had passed since he died, the Tempests still spent their summers in Xerxes, and young Mrs. Tempest remained with her husband's people; but the dinner parties now were few, and Mrs. Tempest was never seen in Xerxes at anything less sedate than Mrs. Reynolds' lunches. Her friends shook their heads over her conduct; of course she would marry again sometime, they said, and where was the sense in her making such a recluse of herself? Nevertheless, the interest

in her concerns, so far from languishing, rather waxed vigorous because of her unwise seclusion.

Mrs. Kearney, as may be supposed, did not mingle in Xerxes' "good society"; but she knew Mr. Lake, the leading grocer, and there is no shop in town where an attentive listener can get more vivid details of the personal affairs of "good society" than at Lake's. Buying the poor-house flour and sugar, Mrs. Kearney kept her ears open; thus she had heard many thrilling tales, Cardine Tempest's short and sad romance among them. "Poor thing," she thought,—for she was a kind-hearted woman in spite of her sufficiently hardening position,—“she looks kinder mournful like, that's a fact, and her clothes do fit beautiful; I wonder what she's come here for. Won't you walk in, ladies?” she added aloud, leading the way into the house. “Yes'm, this is the kitchen. I'm jist 'shamed of the looks of it, though,—so cluttered up!” Actually the kitchen was very tidy, but Mrs. Kearney, although she had lived in the West for twenty years and had married the western son of an Irishman, was a Vermont woman who never forgot her mother's good manners. She waved a disparaging gesture at the pantry, shining with new tin, and said she did not know when the dining-room floor had needed scrubbing so badly. “But jest me and 'Melia to do everything,” said she, “we can't always be slicked up.”

“Have you no one to help you?” asked Mrs. Tempest.

“Why, we've got the paupers,” said Mrs. Kearney. “I git the men to scrub the porches sometimes, and the women wash the dishes and sich, but there's only two women in the house now. One of 'em's 'Liza Hinds—you know 'Liza Hinds, Mr. Havens—and she's half silly and dreadful shiftless, and besides her baby's only 'bout a year old and she has to take care of him. But we've got one real nice old lady here,—her name's Katrina; we git on first rate; she's a German, can't speak a word of English, has to make signs. It's an awful shame she's here, too, for she's been pretty well off; but her children died, and then her husband, and she come here last June. That's her by the winder.”

The old woman indicated was a quaint figure in a coarse dark blue gown very short in the skirts and bunchy about the waist, and half hidden by a voluminous blue apron. Her gray head

was tied up in a bright handkerchief. She turned her brown and wrinkled face towards the visitors, smiling.

"Viegates, Katrina?" said Mr. Havens, cheerfully. "How are you, and how's Eliza Hinds? Viegates, Eliza?"

The old woman answered in German that Eliza was well and she was well, but that Eliza was not a good girl.

"Well, that's nice," answered the unconscious supervisor, who was not a German scholar. "Now, ladies, this is the dining-room."



"Mrs. Kearney obediently pinned in her ruche, never taking her eyes off the road." Page 3.

Mrs. Tempest's dark eyes wandered over the room, the bare, yellow-brown walls, the unpainted floor, the long tables covered with mottled brown oil-cloth and spread for the next meal with battered tin plates and cups. "I wonder why they always put paupers into tin," she commented to herself, "and how could one force one's self to take a meal here, clean as everything looks?"

Mr. Havens gave her no time for further reflection; indeed, he had already led the way to the men's sitting-room. A dozen men were sitting on settees placed against the wall. With the exception of one powerfully built young fellow, they were all old men. They all had a wilted, bleached, unnatural look like plants kept too long in a cellar.

Mrs. Tempest asked Mrs. Kearney if she might give them some tobacco. "I couldn't think of anything else to bring," she said, looking up at the matron with a child-like diffidence in her beautiful face; "you don't mind, do you?"

"Mercy no," cried Mrs. Kearney, feeling that if the question had been about whisky and this pretty creature had looked at her in the same way, she would have been tempted to give the same answer. "Why, we raise it on the farm for them," she went on, "but I guess store tobacco's better. No, don't give it to him, he don't deserve it!"

Mrs. Tempest had handed the young pauper a paper before Mrs. Kearney spoke; he scowled, then grinned and sank back into his corner. He was a handsome fellow in a rough style, but he had a sinister cast in his eyes which were, besides, too small for his face.

"That's 'Liza Hinds' husband," said Mrs. Kearney, as they left the room; "they come here together. It's my belief he ain't no more her husband than nothing. Since she's been at this poor-house she's been out about a third of the time, and most every time she comes back she's had a new husband, and comes with a raff of children for the county to take off her hands. This is the fourth husband I know of! She was married in the first place when she was only thirteen — married a pauper right out of the poor-house. That don't seem to me the right thing to allow."

"Was it here?" said Mrs. Reynolds.

"No, it wan't and I'm glad of it. It was in York State. She was born in a poor-house, her mother was a pauper, Lord knows who her father was. And she's lived in poor-houses, off and on, all her days. 'This here's the men's dormitory; 'cross the hall's the women's.'"

They had stepped across the narrow hall while she spoke, and were now standing at the door of the other room. It was a long, low room with a painted floor. Some cheap pictures pinned on the wall expressed the ineradicable feminine instinct for adornment.

The old woman whom they had seen below, came forward, holding out her hand and saying, "*Sind willkommen mein' Damen!*"

Mrs. Tempest took the hand to leave some pieces of silver in it. She was surprised, a few seconds later, seeing the old woman gayly display her treasure to Mrs. Kearney.

"My land," cried the matron, "she knows I won't take them from her, and I'll git her anything she likes."

This was afterward, when the visitors were taking their leave; at the time, Mrs. Tempest only looked and wondered for the briefest space before her attention was attracted by the other occupant of the room. She was a young woman who sat by the fire, holding a very pretty baby. A little, thin, wizened creature she was, with a sallow skin, a loosely hung mouth, and big, blue-gray eyes which stared straight at Mrs. Tempest and seemed to see no one else. She was feeding the baby out of a shining tin cup, and so carelessly that there was a good deal more bread and milk on her own gown and the baby's than there was in the cup or, one may surmise, in the baby.

"How long has she been here?" said Mrs. Reynolds, watching her with a neutral smile.

"Ten years," answered Mrs. Kearney, not taking the trouble to lower her voice, although they were standing opposite the woman; "that is, not steady, but off and on. It's 'Liza Hinds', she that I told you 'bout, that calls that young feller down-stairs her husband. But I ain't known her so long to believe her! She's an awful sinner and slyer'n the Old Harry, for all she's half-witted." o

It was observable in Mrs. Kearney — for that matter, the same thing may be observed in most legal guardians of the poor — that she used a fine frankness in discussing the paupers' history or character before their faces; present or absent, she told the truth about them according to her light. Eliza Hinds must have heard every word of her own unflattering description, but she might have been deaf for any sign of shame or confusion or resentment that she showed, sitting composedly in the same attitude, her mouth open and her big eyes fixed on Mrs. Tempest.

Cardine bent and took the child's dimpled hand. She was only conscious of a desire to say something kind to this miserable creature who was thus attacked without power of defense; so she said, "What a pretty little fellow, and how well he looks! It's he, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is, thank the Lord!" said the mother quickly. "I guess I'd 'a got rid of it if it was a girl. Girls ain't got no show in this world." Then she fell to kissing the baby's hand. "He's a fine boy, ain't he, now?"

"Was that your husband whom we saw down-stairs?" said Mrs. Reynolds.

"Yes it was, that was Mac, that's my husband, sure, lady. A squire married us regular. My mother says to me often, 'Whatever you do, 'Lize, allus git married,' and I allus have."

"Where did you meet him first?" said Mrs. Tempest, while Mrs. Kearney's face might have served for a study of scorn.

"I seen him first at the poor-'us in York State,—Stubbin county poor-'us. When I left here the last time, I went to Chicago and they axed me where I come from in the first place, and I said Stubbin county and they sent me there, and I met Mac there, and we staid there 'till we was burned down; then we went off and got married. I liked Mac the first minnit I set eyes on him. When you've been knocked about and despised all your life, you can't help liking somebody as seems to like to be 'long of you and speaks kind and pleasant to you."

"But aren't the men and women separated in poor-houses?" said Mrs. Reynolds. The woman laughed, an odious laugh which had the hint of all her degraded life in its ring. "Law, they's ways. Even here, they's ways; I guess Mrs. Kearney could tell queer stories if she'd a mind to!"

"More shame to you, 'Liza Hinds, if I could," cried Mrs. Kearney sharply.

Eliza laughed again and the baby began to cry. Instantly she was rocking it to and fro, soothing it with caressing words like any happier mother. She looked up into Mrs. Tempest's attentive face. "I'll tell you one thing Mac done. We was burned out. The boss locked us in at night and forgot the key when we got afire. A crazy man set us afire. The smoke was a rolling in on us and Mac he just picked up a big stick of wood and banged a hole in the door and pulled me out. He did. He was all scorched up.

"That was brave," said Mrs. Tempest.

A faint red stole into Eliza Hinds' cheeks; the natural, womanly pride in the courage of the man whom she had chosen, for an instant effaced the sordid lines of her face. "Yes, Mac's brave," she said.

"But how did you come out here?" said Mr. Havens, who had been walking about the room and had just joined the group.

"Begged it," Eliza said curtly.

"But how could you?" said Mrs. Tempest.

"Law, easy 'nuff. You jest tell the poor overseer you b'long to sech a town, and he's so glad to git rid of you he'll pay your fare part way; then you do the same thing there. It's easy 'nuff, 'specially where there's a fam'ly. But there's one thing troubles me, Mister; if I could only keep the baby! They don't keep no children here and they've allers took 'em away from me. They take 'em away from the mothers without their consent and they never know nothing 'bout them."

"And a very good way to do, too," said Mrs. Kearney. "No child should be brought up in a poor-house; they see too many bad old people and learn wrong ways. You ought to know that, 'Liza Hinds!"

"You would not want him brought up here, yourself, would you?" said Mrs. Tempest. Eliza was persistently staring at her with those strange, untr tranquil eyes; they made her feel the continual pressure of a silent appeal.

"I?" cried the woman, "I? God knows I wouldn't! Anywhere else! And if I could I'd work and make a home for him, so I would! But there's one thing that troubles me,—that they should take them away from their mothers without their consent."

"But if some one were to offer to give you a good home," said Mrs. Tempest, "and to take care of your little boy, would you be willing to work hard and be good, and so learn to be a good mother to him?"

"Cardine!" exclaimed Mrs. Reynolds, "my dear girl——"
"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Havens. Mrs. Kearney's emotions found vent in a clutch at the nearest bedstead and a faint
"Well, my gracious me!"

"Would you be willing?" said Mrs. Tempest.

"Willing!" repeated Eliza with a sudden kindling of the face, as suddenly fading, "I'd be—no, ma'am, much obliged to you, but there's Mac. I can't go back on Mac. I'd best stay where I am 'til he kin git me out."

"*A la bonne heure!*" said Mrs. Reynolds, under her breath.

"But perhaps," Mrs. Tempest said slowly, "there may be something else which I can do for you. I wish you would think and let me know. I should like to help you."

Eliza looked half dazed, then suddenly lifted the corner of Mrs. Temple's mantle and kissed it; but she did not say a word.

"I think we must go, Cardine," said Mrs. Reynolds.

"Good-by," said Cardine, simply; she was just the least bit startled and puzzled; whatever the warmth of one's philanthropy, it isn't altogether pleasant to have an unwholesome looking pauper kiss one's clothes.

The ladies walked out of the room. At the door, Mrs. Tempest turned and glanced back. Eliza's strange eyes were fixed upon her still. She said almost nothing until after they had made their parting speeches and signed their names in the register and were driving home.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Kearney had a great deal to say to Amelia, the guests being safely out of the house.

"To think of her wanting to take 'Liza Hinds! I was jest dumbfounded. She's too sweet for anything, but it's easy to see she don't know beans about this world's wickedness. I guess she'd open her eyes if she could see 'Liza in one of her tantrums, swearing at Katrina."

"Oh," said Amelia, "she means well. But I guess she'd soon be sick of her bargain."

Amelia's opinion was shared by Mrs. Reynolds. Mrs. Reynolds was Cardine's distant cousin. She was a widow and childless. Cardine was almost a daughter to her; and none knew better than she the girl's capacity for dangerous thoroughness in her enthusiasms.

"Oh, dear! why did I let John Havens get us out here?" she dismally questioned to herself. "I might have known Cardine would get her sympathies on some perfectly impossible tack! Why didn't she take to that clean, decent Katrina—I must send her some tea! What did you say, dear?" she added aloud.

Cardine was speaking of the much married Eliza. "Do you think that such people *never* can be reformed?" she said.

Mrs. Reynolds made a somewhat caustic reply. She pointed to a corn-field that they were passing. "That is the Canada thistle, isn't it, Mr. Havens?" said she.

Cardine saw merely a few slender brown stalks covered with burrs.

"Yes," said Mr. Havens, "it's the Canada thistle and no mistake. I'm sorry enough to see it."



"Edwin is a magnificent being," said Mrs. Reynolds; "it was not to be expected that he could stoop." Page 16.

Mrs. Reynolds laid her hand on Cardine's. "Do you see it, Cardine? That thistle is almost indestructible; there isn't a useful plant growing that has such a grip on life, and it spreads like the measles. Nothing but absolute extermination of every root can save the land. Well, Eliza Hinds and her kind are the Canada thistle."

"But we can't very well exterminate Eliza," Cardine said, with a lurking smile, "inconvenient as she may be."

"Unluckily, no," said Mrs. Reynolds, "and we can't reform her, either; but what we do do is worst of all. We virtually encourage her."

"But *can't* we reform her?" said Cardine. "Not when we take a crowd of her, but her, individually, by letting her see we are interested in her and that we care for her, not as a pauper, but as herself. I'm afraid I am making it very obscure, but surely there is *some* hope even for the lowest and the most wretched people, if we only knew how to reach them."

"Cardine's fair face was suffused by an inner radiance and her eyes shone through a mist of earnestness. Mrs. Reynolds silently pressed the hand which she held, thinking: "The dear, deluded angel, what a mess she would make of it! It is lucky that Eliza Hinds decided to stick to her tramp."

No more passed between them, but Cardine did not forget the impression of mingled horror and compassion awakened by the pauper. Mrs. Reynolds was soon to feel that she remembered it too well. Two weeks from the day of the first appearance of Eliza Hinds, Cardine's friend was sitting in her library, reading a novel, at peace with all the world. The rain beat against the window-pane, and there was just enough wind to enhance the delights of an open fire and imaginary society.

Presently there came a rattle of wheels outside and then a tap at the door. Cardine put her head in, saying, "Are you all alone?"

Mrs. Reynolds saw that something had happened; the wind might have painted Cardine's cheek, but it could not cause the anxious brightness in her eyes. "You have been doing something, my dear," the elder woman said. "Come, make a clean breast of it! What is it?"

Cardine had perched herself on the arm of Mrs. Reynolds' chair; it was a habit of hers to sit on chair arms; she began to smooth Mrs. Reynolds' hair.

"Eliza Hinds," she said hesitatingly—"you remember Eliza Hinds, Cousin Emma?"

"Don't tell me she has turned up again!"

"Yes, she has. And, poor thing, it is so pitiful! Last Monday, I was told some one was in the kitchen who wanted to see me, and when I went down, it was she. She had walked all the way from the poor-house carrying the baby in her arms, and she was nearly fainting. She began to cry as if her heart would break."

"Of course she brought the baby," said Mrs. Reynold's, with a resigned air. "Well, go on."

"She told me that her husband — Mac, she always calls him — had gone away and would not take her with him. He treated her cruelly, so far as I could make out from her rambling story. She said she had never forgotten me or what I had said to her and she begged me to give her a chance to learn how to be good. And so — so — father and mother are willing and I am going to let her stay and help Johanna in the kitchen, and — I am going to try to make a respectable person out of her."

Mrs. Reynolds was sensibly disturbed; she rose from her chair and walked up and down the room. "Can't you find a place for her anywhere else?" said she.

"Where?" said Cardine.

"I don't know," her cousin said frankly; "I suppose no decent woman would want to take her, and no wonder. Her 'daily walk and conversation' can't tend to edification —"

"Then, too," interrupted Cardine, "she isn't fit yet to take care of herself; she has to be somewhere where she can be taught. She doesn't know how to keep herself and the baby neat. Why," said Cardine, with an indescribable wrinkling of the upper lip, "yesterday they both looked like — like —"

"Pigs," said Mrs. Reynolds, with ungracious brevity.

"Why, almost. So today I have come to buy her some clothes — and won't you go with me?"

Mrs. Reynolds looked at the rain and looked at Cardine and submitted. "Only," she said, "you must not buy her more than is absolutely necessary. There is no reason why, because she has been idle and vicious and you are sorry for her, you should give her prettier things to wear than Johanna or Mary have, who have been good, honest, industrious girls all their lives. Indeed, Cardine, I think it is very good natured of them to be willing to have her under the same roof."

"She has a room by herself, you know," said Cardine; "I don't think they do like it very well, having her, but they have promised to be patient; and so has Edwin, although, of course, he despises her beyond words."

"Edwin is a magnificent being," said Mrs. Reynolds; "it was not to be expected that he could stoop."

Cardine had described Johanna and Mary's feelings correctly but too modestly; they were both, had the whole truth been known, as amazed and disgusted as the more candid Edwin.

"I said I'd be patient," cried Johanna, "and patient I will be as, sure, I have been, though niver a finger did she lift this whole blessed morning, and me wid the bread to bake! What was she doin' thin? Upstairs a prinkin' and a prinkin'. Sorra a thing else she did but put on her new clothes and braid her hair; an' Miss Cardine tuk care of the baby the whole morning, she did."

"And yesterday," put in Edwin, who was not averse to a bit of gossip in spite of his superb manners, "yesterday I heard a kind of little low crying, and I couldn't for the life of me find out 'til I went into the wine-cellar that I'd accidentally left open, and, if you believe it, there was that little b—hem, baby on the top shelf of all. I don't know how he got up there."

"Where was his mother, thin?"

"His mother was asleep in a puddle of mud and sherry on the floor, and Miss Cardine and me hauled her out."

"Well, I never!" said Johanna. "It's a shame for Miss Cardine to keep the likes of her in the house! But there's wan thing I'm bound she'll do, she shall wash the dishes; and it's time this minute to git her!"

Johanna departed in search of Eliza, who was not far to seek, being found on the kitchen door-step playing with the baby.

"Eliza," said the cook, "the dishes isn't washed yet."

"Oh, they kin wait," said Eliza; "law, I'll do 'em by'me by when it's dark, it's so sweet out of doors now. Wait till the sun sets."

Johanna had a tinge of red to her hair and a corresponding fiery tinge to her temper. "Wait indade!" she cried. "Don't ye think I want me kitchen claned up the day? Ye'll jist come in directly and wash the dishes."

"You're not my boss," said Eliza; "wash yer old dishes yourself if you're in sech a tearin' hurry!"

Johanna's red-brown eyes flashed. She told Edwin afterward that it was all she could do to refrain from boxing the impudent

pauper's ears, which, being large and projecting, doubtless forced themselves first upon her mind. She stood gasping.

"We'll see, Miss, whether I'm your boss or not. When we tuk ye from the pore-'us ye promised ivery thing so foine. I'd me own opinion of ye thin —"

At this crisis Cardine entered the kitchen. Johanna rushed at her with a wild wave of the hand, demanding to know if Eliza was not to wash the dishes.

"Eliza, aren't you willing to wash the dishes?" Cardine said mildly.

"Yes, I am," screamed Eliza, "you're a liar!"

"Is it mesilf's the liar, thin, or Mrs. Tempest?" cried Johanna.

"Go out into the garden a moment, Eliza," said Cardine, "I will speak with you afterward. Now, Johanna, what is this trouble about?"

Johanna was so confident of the firm ground of justice upon which her complaint rested that she gave a most accurate version of the dispute. "I know she is trying," said Cardine —

"Thrying!" Johanna burst forth, "thrying's no wurrud for it! It's jist onbearable! 'Tain't only she's lazy, she don't kape her own room dacent. She can't be thrusted to do wan mortal thing; she broke two plates sittin' the dinner-table and thin run away and hid 'em in the ash-barrel; I seen it wid me own eyes, the shly crater! And her timper, Miss Cardine, it's jist terrible to sthand an' hear her goin's on, swearin' an' cursin' an' usin' awful wurruds loike a man! And more than that, Miss Cardine, Mary an' me, we — miss things!"

For a second Cardine's face betrayed her dismay. Then, summoning all the eloquence in her power, she appealed to Johanna's compassion. Her words probably did not soften the cook's repugnance to Eliza, but they put her anger into a kind of solution of neutrality, as it were; for the present, Johanna might be trusted to give Eliza nothing worse than grim looks and short answers. Leaving her, Cardine sought the unlucky Eliza. She found her in the garden teaching the baby to dig holes in the flower-beds.

"Ain't he cunning?" she cried, with a beaming face, the instant she saw Cardine. She had forgotten all about the quarrel.

"Yes, I think he is a very bright boy," answered Mrs. Tempest, "and you want him to grow up and be proud and fond of his mother, don't you?"

Eliza's loose mouth fell and her brow contracted; she knew enough to tell when she was to be scolded, if they did call her "silly."

"They plague me 'most to death," she whispered, "I jest can't please 'em, do my best!"

"But you haven't done your best to-day, Eliza. You know how Johanna likes to have her kitchen tidy, and you know you ought to have washed the dishes; it was your place."

"I'd a washed 'em in a minnit if she'd let me 'lone."

"But she wanted them done at once,—it disturbs all the work of the house to put off things." Eliza looked suddenly indifferent. "And it troubles me very much, Eliza—"

"I wish you'd let me work in the fields, then," Eliza broke in. "I'd do main well where there ain't folks."

"But there are people in the fields, too."

"Oh well, men folks. I don't mind them; they ain't allus naggin'!"

"But how will you learn to take care of your son's house when he grows up, or to make his clothes now?"

Eliza heaved an immense sigh. "Well," she said dolefully, "I s'pose I'll have to try, but I hate it like pizen."

She tried, with varying success, for a month. Old Mr. and Mrs. Tempest never suspected what Cardine went through during that month. She kept Eliza and Eliza's misdemeanors rigorously out of their sight; but she brought some of her trials to Mrs. Reynolds.

"The woman doesn't seem to have any moral nature," she would say; "the only thing she seems to have the smallest prickings of conscience for is displeasing me, but the moment my back is turned she will do those very things I don't want her to do and say that she can't help it. And yet I can't quite despair about her. She shows such a kind of dog-like attachment to me; she is always obedient, and if I only stay and watch her she does very well; only I can't stay and watch her every minute! Yesterday she was very good—sewed all the afternoon on a dress for her

little boy. I gave her a silver thimble for her own to encourage her. She was so well pleased and proud it was touching. But the next day she stole some of father's cigars and ran away to smoke them. The worst thing is I cannot teach her to think for herself. Sometimes I think she *is* feeble-minded."

"Yes," said Mrs. Reynolds, "they all are. It's a bad puzzle."

Johanna and Mary had their trials as well as Mrs. Tempest. They told painful tales of Eliza's depravity, and were themselves objects of pity to all their acquaintances, who would not stay with such a creature, no, not for any wages! Still, it must be owned that it was something to have the stories to tell and to hear an admiring audience uttering inarticulate exclamations of horror and surprise.

"I have promised Miss Cardine to be paytient," Johanna said once, "and Mary O'Donovan, you that's my witness, know that paytient I have been, but there's limits to iverything; whin she throwed the whole mess of sthrawberries at me yistherday, an' made me look as if somebody had been murthuring of me, I fild, I own, impaytient. But I conthrolled meself," said Johanna with dignity. "I even wint so far as to take care of her baby that self-same night, for she sthuffed it so full of green apples that it had the crowp—"

"And how did she repay you, too?" put in Mary.

"How, indade! Ye may well ax it, Mary O'Donovan. The horriddest, villainousest thramp came a beggin' this mornin' and wanted old shoes and somethin' to ate, and whin I towled him we'd no shoes he wint off a growlin'. I loked out half an hour later, and shure as I'm a livin' sinner, there she was down be the gardin fence a talkin' an' a whisperin' wid that thramp! And what's more, she'd stole pretty near half the orange cake to give him! Whin she came back, I says, 'Eliza Hinds,' says I, 'did you stale me orange cake?' 'Stale your granny,' says she, 'no, I didn't!' says she, bowld as brass. 'Eliza Hinds,' says I, 'where do you expect to go when you die if you tell sech wicked lies? Did they learn ye to tell lies at the poor-'us or the jail?' says I. And wid that, d'ye belave, she slapped me in the face wid me own dish-cloth, and whin I tried to take it out of her hands she just makes a grab at me wid her teeth an'—look at me

arrum this minnit. An' now I've made up me mind, it's her goes or me, and I'll tell Miss Cardine that to-morrow mornin' ! "

The audience applauded Johanna's intention, and she went to bed that night fully resolved on action. Nevertheless, the action never came to pass. The next morning there was stir and turmoil and bewilderment of faces and clamor of tongues in the Queen Anne cottage, out of which confusion two facts gradually emerged ; the silver was gone and Mrs. Tempest's diamonds and Eliza — and the baby was left behind ! Nor did any trace of the plate and jewels subsequently appear. Cardine cared little enough for her own loss, but she felt piteously in disgrace.

" My experiment has failed," she said to Mrs. Reynolds, " but the worst is, I have made such trouble and bother for other people. And yet I can't be hard on the poor, miserable woman ! I am confident that the tramp who came in the afternoon and who did it was Mac. I noticed that her eyes were red and swollen that afternoon. She had to give up her child, too. Poor thing ! what a life is before her now with that man."

" At any rate," said Mrs. Reynolds, " it is to be hoped the baby won't resemble either his father or his mother."

The baby's future disposition soon ceased to be a subject of conversation. He pined and fretted after his mother and, hardly six weeks after her flight, he died. So for a while there was an end to Eliza Hinds and all her belongings.

But Mrs. Tempest was destined to see Eliza once more. It happened in this wise. She had been spending the day at Mrs. Reynolds', a hot September day more than a year later. They were sitting out on the piazza, which as every one in Xerxes knows, faces the street. It was towards the close of day. Thus sitting, they beheld a vision of Mrs. Kearney in an ancient buggy drawn by a very good horse, driving up to their gate. Mrs. Reynolds' prophetic soul instantly discerned the shadows of coming events on the sidewalk, and they assumed the shape of Eliza Hinds. Eliza it was, really ; she had come back to the poor-house, a dying woman, deserted, and with barely enough strength left her to drag herself to the old refuge.

" I don't know as she'll be livin' when we git there," said Mrs. Kearney, " but she begged so to see you I thought I'd try

to git you. Fust she wanted to know 'bout the child, and when I told her she took on a good deal ; and then she was keen to see you,—seemed's if she had to. So I thought mabbe Mrs. Reynolds could tell me how to git to you. So I come."

Mrs. Reynolds and Cardine started at once. Mrs. Kearney arrived just before them. She hailed Amelia, who stood on the porch.

"Is she gone?"

"She died an hour ago," said Amelia, "very peacefully ; just went to sleep like."

They went in and upstairs. The old German woman whom they had seen before came to the door, with her ready smile. They passed her silently and went to a quiet bed where all the red glory of sunset could not color a pallid face. They stood in silence. Cardine was painfully searching her memory for any clue to better help than she had given. At last Amelia spoke, in a low tone.

"She felt bad not to see you, Mrs. Tempest, awful bad, and she told me to tell you she was sorry for what she had done to you, and she thought a sight of you, and was grateful though she didn't seem so. And she gave me this to give to you."

It was only a silver thimble which had evidently been worn about the neck, for there was a common piece of twine passed through a small hole and tied. Cardine remembered the day she gave it. She took it from Amelia ; and a tear, the first and last ever shed for Eliza Hinds, fell on the silver.

"Well," Mrs. Kearney said with an honest sigh, "she was an awful sinner, but mabbe she couldn't help it."

Cardine and Mrs. Reynolds only spoke once on their way home. Then Cardine touched Mrs. Reynolds' arm and pointed to a corn-field over-run with Canada thistles. "It is the same field we saw before," said she.

"And Eliza's symbol," said Mrs. Reynolds. "Poor Eliza ! —'an awful sinner, but may be she could not help it !'"

Massasauga

A cold coiled line of mottled lead
He lies where grazing cattle tread
And lifts a gauged and spiteful head.

His touch is deadly, and his eyes
Are hat- with hatred and surprise -
Death waits and watches when he lies..

His hate is turned toward everything!
He is the undisputed King
Of every path and meadow spring.

His hooked fang is raised to smite
All passing things, light
Is not swifter than his bite.

His Touch is deadly, and his eyes
Are hat- with hatred and surprise -
Death waits and watches when he lies..

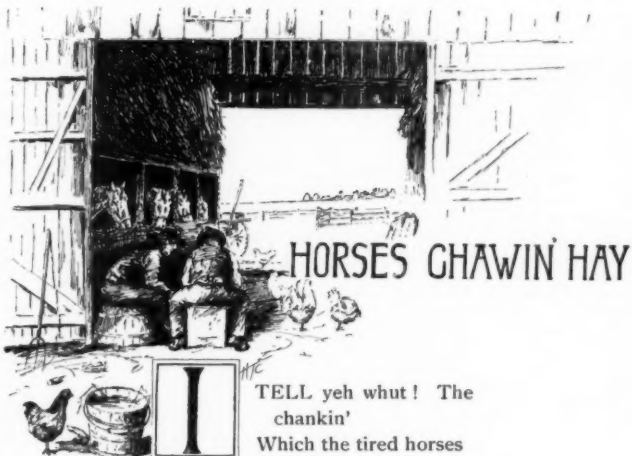
Boston
Nov. 10.

Wm. Garland

"PRAIRIE SONGS."

SELECTIONS FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF A BOOK OF POEMS

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.*



I

TELL yeh whut ! The
chankin'
Which the tired horses
makes

When you've slipped the harness off 'm
An' shoved the hay in flakes
From the hay-mow overhead,
Is jest about the equal of any pi-any ;
They's nothin' soun's s' cumftabul
As horsus chawin' hay.

I love t' hear 'em chankin',
Jest a-grindin' slow and low,
With their snoots a-rootin' clover
Deep as their ol' heads 'll go.
It's kind o' sort o' restin'
To a feller's bones, I say.
It soun's s' mighty cumftabul —
The horsus chawin' hay.

* Just published by Stone and Kimball, Boston and Chicago. "Prairie Songs" and "Main Traveled Roads" (the latter introduced by William Dean Howells), in two handsome volumes, in box, \$2.50.

"PRAIRIE SONGS."

Gra-onk, gra-onk, gra-onk !

In a stiddy kind o' tone,
Not a tail a-waggin' to 'um,
N'r another sound 'r groan —
Fer the flies is gone a-snoozin'.
Then I loaf around an' watch 'em
In a sleepy kind o' way,
F'r they soun' so mighty cumftabul
As they rewt and chaw their hay.

An' it sets me thinkin' sober
Of the days of '53,
When we pioneered the prairies —
M' wife an' dad an' me,
In a dummed ol' prairie schooner,
In a rough-an'-tumble way,
Sleepin' out at nights, to music
Of the horsus chawin' hay.

Or I'm thinkin' of my comrades
In the fall of '63,
When I rode with ol' Kilpatrick
Through an' through ol' Tennessee.
I'm a-layin' in m' blanket
With my head agin a stone,
Gazin' upwards towards the North Star —
Billy Sikes and Davy Sloan
A-snorin' in a buck-saw kind o' way,
An' me a-layin', listenin'
To the horsus chawin' hay.

It strikes me turrible cur'ous
That a little noise like that,
Can float a feller backwards
Like the droppin' of a hat ;
An' start his throat a-achin',
Make his eyes wink that a-way —
They ain't no sound that gits me
Like horsus chawin' hay !

A WINTER BROOK.

How sweetly you sang as you circled
The elm's rugged knees in the sod,
I know ! for deep in the shade of your willows,
A barefooted boy with a rod,
I lay in the drowsy June weather,
And sleepily whistled in tune
To the laughter I heard in your shallows,
Involved with the music of June !

APRIL DAYS.

Days of witchery subtly sweet,
When every hill and tree finds heart;
When winter and spring like lovers meet
In the mist of noon and part —
In the April days.

Nights when the wood-frogs faintly peep —
One, two, and then are still,
And the woodpeckers' martial voices sweep
Like the bugle blasts from hill to hill
Through the breathless morn.

Days when the soil is warm with rain,
And through the wood the shy wind steals,
Rich with the pine and the poplar smell,
And the joyous brain like a dancer reels
Through April days.

THE WIND'S VOICE.

I woke far out upon the Kansas sod,
And in the eaves overhead,
Close to my ear, as if it called to me,
I heard the sad wind of the plain.
A pushing whisper, the voice
Of a spent runner, hoarse with haste,
Burdened with news of the vast
Untrodden west.

A SUMMER MOOD.

O, to be lost in the wind and the sun,
To be one with the wind and the stream!
With never a care while the waters run
With never a thought in my dream.
To be part of the robin's lilting call
And part of the bobolink's rhyme.
Lying close to the shy thrush singing alone,
And lapped in the cricket's chyme.

O, to live with these beautiful ones!
With the lust and the glory of man
Lost in the circuit of spring-time suns —
Submissive as earth and part of her plan —
To lie as the snake lies, content in the grass!
To drift as the clouds drift, effortless, free,
Glad of the power that drives them on
With never a question of wind or sea.

"PRAIRIE SONGS."

IN THE AUTUMN GRASS.

Did you ever lie low
 In the depth of the plain,
 In the lee of a swell that lifts
 Like a low-lying island out of the sea,
 When the blue joint shakes
 As an army of spears ;
 When each flashing wave breaks
 In turn overhead
 And wails in the door of your ears ?

If you have, you have heard
 In the midst of the roar
 The note of a lone gray bird,
 Blown slantwise by overhead
 As he swiftly sped
 To his south-land haven once more !

O the music abroad in the air,
 With the autumn wind sweeping
 His hand on the grass, where
 The tiniest blade is astir, keeping
 Voice in the dim, wide choir,
 Of the infinite song, the refrain,
 The wild, sad wail of the plain !

DREAMS OF THE GRASS.

O ! to lie in long grasses !
 O ! to dream on the plain !
 Where the west wind sings as it passes,
 A weird and unceasing refrain !
 Where the rank grass tosses and wallows,
 And the plain's rim dazzles the eye,
 Where hardly a silver cloud bosses
 The flashing steel shield of the sky !

To watch the gay gulls as they glitter
 Like snowflakes and fall from on high,
 To dip in the deeps of the prairie,
 Where the crow's foot tosses awry,
 Like the swirl o' swift waltzers in glee,
 To the harsh, shrill creak of the cricket
 And the song of the lark and the bee !

THE HERALD CRANE.

Ah ! say you so, bold sailor in
The sun-lit deeps of sky !
Dost thou so soon the seed-time tell
In thy imperial cry,
As circling in yon shoreless sea
Thine unseen form goes drifting by ?
I can not trace in the noon-day glare
Thy regal flight, O crane !
From the leaping might of the fiery light
Mine eyes recoil in pain,
But on mine ear thine echoing cry
Falls like a bugle strain.
The mellow soil glows beneath my feet,
Where lies the buried grain ;
The warm light floods the length and breadth
Of the vast, dim, shimmering plain,
Throbbing with heat and the nameless thrill
Of the birth-time's restless pain.
On weary wing plebeian geese
Push on their arrowy line
Straight into the north, or snowy brant
In dazzling sunshine, gloom and shine ;
But thou, O crane, save for thy sovereign cry,
At thy majestic height
On proud, extended wings sweep'st on
In lonely, easeful flight.
Then cry, thou martial-throated herald !
Cry to the sun, and sweep
And swing along thy mateless, tireless course
Above the clouds that sleep
Afloat on lazy air — cry on ! Send down
Thy trumpet note — it seems
The voice of hope and dauntless will,
And breaks the spell of dreams.

BOYISH SLEEP.

And all night long we lie in sleep,
Too sweet to sigh in, or to dream,
Unnoting how the wild winds sweep,
Or snow clouds through the darkness stream
Above the trees that moan and sigh
And clutch with naked hands the sky.
Beneath the checkered counterpane
We rest the soundlier for the storm ;
Its wrath is only lullaby,
A far off, vast and dim refrain.



ALICE ILGENFRITZ JONES.

BEATRICE.

A STORY OF BAYOU TECHE.

BY ALICE ILGENFRITZ JONES.

CHAPTER I.



LITTLE creature who bore with becoming dignity the royal name, Beatrice, sat upon a doorstep and looked out upon the world,—or as much of the world as she had “correspondences” with,—a large, irregular court surrounded by high buildings in the crowded old French Quarter of New Orleans.

She had a vague, supersubtle consciousness, gleaned from many sources and compounded of many impressions, of vast, illimitable regions outlying the confines of her world, regions that teemed with life and sensuous delights.

As yet she was not much more than a finely endowed small animal, with a keen relish for all pleasurable sensations, and an equally keen distaste for all unpleasant ones.

She had three absorbing loves, centering upon the three great glories of the physical universe, color, sound, and odor.

All these passions had been stimulated, and to some extent gratified, within her narrow environment. Here all the year round multitudes of flowers blossomed and diffused their fragrance; and the trees, and shrubs; and vines, crowding one upon another, displayed every shade and tint of green, of red, of yellow, as the seasons changed; while overhead was a patch of sky wonderful in its chromatic effects, its blues and its grays, its crimsons, and scarlets, and purples, and sometimes—most magnificent of all to her opulent fancy—its deep, rich *coquelicot*, as Mauma Salome called the gorgeous copper-color of dense, billowy masses that rolled up from the west and flung their flaming banners across the zenith.

For sounds she had the matin and the vesper bells ringing out over the city far and near; and the mysterious roll of an organ in a gray old church whose windowless rear wall formed a portion of the boundary of her world; and the carols of the birds; and the æolian harp of the winds in certain quarters; and now and then

the strange throbbing of drums keeping time to the soul-thrilling strains of marching bands; and the songs of the negro women in the court, now rollicking, and now pathetic, touching her sense of the ludicrous at times, and again filling her little soul with a passionate sadness not to be accounted for by any personal experience of her own, for her life had been singularly free from the small but tragic sorrows of childhood.

It might have been an echo from the past consciousness of her race,—she was a granddaughter of old Mauma Salome, a pale, saffron-dyed octoroon. A stranger would never have suspected the relationship.

The child's skin was like the white petals of the magnolia flower, and her rippling dark hair had touches of gold. Her eyes, which were large and brown, were exquisitely set and their gaze as steady as a star. They had both the soft brilliancy and the unexplained faint shadow of sadness which lurk in oriental eyes. Her little body was like a sculptor's dream of form.

But all this was as nothing to the power of fascination she already, though but a child, gave promise of, that subtle and dangerous quality of beauty which goes to a man's heart like the thrust of a blade; a quality which is like the perfume of a rose, like the bouquet of wine.

All her movements were light and springing and delicately graceful. But she was never frivolous. Even the pretty dances Mauma Salome taught her,—dances which the latter had seen practiced years and years ago in Parisian ball-rooms, while waiting in corridors with Miss Rosamond's shawl and fan and vinaigrette,—she executed with grave and careful conscientiousness.

She was charged with intense vitality, and her soul was filled with a profound longing to know and experience what the future would bring to her. But she had patience,—the infinite patience of a child, to whom a lifetime is an eternity long enough to possess everything in. She had not yet begun to take account of time, nor to grudge the golden hours as they sped by. Life, all before her, was a magnificent whole out of which she had bitten but a morsel.

Old Salome had a way of shaking her wise head and responding mysteriously to the child's eager questionings, "Just you

wait, honey !'' The words held a promise which made her bosom swell with nameless hopes and anticipations. She felt a tingling in her fingers and in her toes as if wings were sprouting in them to bear her up and away. She often gave herself up to strange reveries about the outer world, reveries that filled her with a delicious rapture, a kind of spiritual exaltation.

The court was partitioned off into little kitchen dooryards, by rough, unpainted picket fences which the weather had bleached to a silvery gray, thus adding another tone to the color scheme of the place, which was not lost on the impressionable soul of the child. She liked it not only for its own beautiful glister when the sun shone upon it, but as a background for the leaves and flowers.

She appropriated all the divisions of the court to her own study and entertainment, by observing through the crevices between the pickets the life that went on therein, which was chiefly the life of colored servants, a jolly, sociable, demonstrative set ; and of children, black and white, who had no better playground.

But it was varied enough in its way to sweep the whole range of the emotions. Joy and sorrow, pride, anger, friendship, hate, love, betrayed confidence, and all the long list of humanity's virtues and frailties appeared here as elsewhere and on other social levels.

Though Beatrice took no part in this life, being strictly prohibited by her grandmother from doing so, her own personal feelings were often strongly enlisted. She had conceived a deadly animosity toward some brutal boys in one of the more distant yards, for their fiendish abuse of any small and helpless creatures that happened to fall into their power. She could have torn them to bits as ruthlessly as they pulled off the legs of the centipedes they captured. She made no discrimination in species. In her impartial economy a boy's members — his legs and arms — had no greater value than an insect's.

She felt a similar hatred toward a beautiful woman who sometimes descended like a storm-fury into the lower regions of her handsome dwelling, scolding at her affrighted maids and even dealing them stinging blows with her supple and strong white hands. But she had little sympathy for the maids. She was

filled with contempt for the meek, cowering creatures who submitted to such cruel and humiliating abuse. For herself, with her barbarian ideas of justice, she would have flown at the beautiful throat and choked the breath out of it.

The yards all looked very much alike. They were flagged with stone, and each had its little domestic canal for carrying off waste water to—goodness knows where! Beatrice often speculated about that, and hypothesized a prodigious pool somewhere beyond.

There was always an ash barrel, and a coal barrel, and a little heap of pine kindlings; and brooms, and market-baskets, and long-handled gourds; and the great wooden water-tank with the cool little room underneath for storing eatables in; and a refuse barrel stuffed with potato peelings, and banana skins, and bones, and feathers, and the scrapings of pots and pans, and hulls and husks of all sorts.

Of course there were culinary smells, at regular intervals, of all kinds and grades, upon whose unmistakable testimony she could predicate the sort of dinner to be served up each day to each particular household. And here was a key to character and general standing. For the different families took rank and distinction from the quality of the odors emanating from their several kitchens. Some kitchens exhaled only the commonest smells, as of boiled cabbage and turnips, and odious pork; and others of burnt grease and things spoiled in cooking; while still others sent out such a ravishing bouquet of fruity and winey things, such an unspeakably delicious aroma of coffee just boiled, and of broiled meats and daintily cooked vegetables; and all commingling with a delicate suggestion of French garlic!

She knew perfectly the value of all these smells, for Mauma Salome had a genius for fine cooking. Though, alas! there was not much cooking to be done in these days. For that branch of the great La Scalla family to which she belonged had dwindled to one solitary member, old Miss Rosamond, who was an invalid and a victim of melancholia.

Miss Rosamond lived in two rooms of this old gray mansion, haunted from kitchen to garret with memories of a gay and glorious past. It had been years since she had tasted the outside

air. And she received no visitors except now and then a relative from some distant parish. Her reception of these self-invited guests did not encourage frequent or prolonged visitations.

Salome prepared savory little dishes in the kitchen, morning, noon, and night,—or at such intervals as passed for those conventional meal-times,—and sent them up on a dumb-waiter, following quickly, herself, to serve them steaming hot and enveloped in their own exhilarating vapors.

For Miss Rosamond had an appetite which had been cultivated in the best French schools, and she had never ceased to be fastidious about her *cuisine*.

Her great sombre eyes would wander over the little board as critically as in former times they had been wont to inspect the grand dining-room table set for distinguished guests. And her fine nostrils dilated with satisfaction, or her black brows contracted with a frown, according as she was affected by the arrangement and fumes of the table.

After she had eaten and the table was cleared, the waiter came down again, and Beatrice was treated to the remainder of the feast, which usually included some little *bonne-bourche* for which she had an especial fondness.

Salome spent the greater part of the time upstairs, for her mistress required almost constant attendance.

Beatrice stood in profound awe of Miss Rosamond, with her colorless but still handsome face, her unearthly dark eyes, and her Pompadour roll of snow-white hair.

Sometimes,—perhaps merely for the sake of the shuddering sensation it gave her,—she would steal upstairs and crouch behind a partially closed door to peep into the great room with its rich, red hangings, its grand, gloomy furniture, and dim light. In this room Mauma moved about softly, waiting upon her invalid mistress with the tenderest care and devotion. If by chance Miss Rosamond's wandering glance was directed toward the door, Beatrice recoiled with throbbing heart, and hastened back to her own blessed kitchen and sunny court.

The life she led there was far from lonely. She had the silent but entertaining company of those wonderful little weavers, the spiders; and of the busy, burrowing ants; and of the beetles and

toads and cockroaches that hid under the honeysuckle vine ; and of the saucy bluejays, and the red-headed woodpeckers that tapped the bark of her mulberry tree.

But the cunning little lizards were "the nicest of all." They were such perfect, such elegant little creatures, and she could tame them in an incredibly short space of time. They were so swift and alert. Yet one would lie upon her arm and blink its bright eyes in an ecstasy of content while she stroked its gently palpitating sides with her tiny forefinger.

Or, if she tired of these breathing things,—though she never really did tire of them, any more than a fond mother tires of her children,—she had always, save on the darkest nights, her patch of sky overhead, so deep, so mysterious and so far away, the emblem and the evidence of infinite space.

And she had her singular consciousness of the busy, stirring life outside. She was like a little, far-off inland bay, echoing, though it knows not why, the pulse-throbs of the sea.

Once Mauma had taken her upstairs and through a long, gloomy corridor, and, opening a mouldy old shutter, had set her upon the window-sill and bade her look out. A wonderful spectacle greeted her eyes ! a sea, or rather a mighty river, of people, stretching up and down as far as eye could go, dressed in colors and fabrics more magnificent than she had ever imagined. The sun shone splendidly upon prancing horses gaily caparisoned, and on soldiers in glittering uniform ; on mighty ships and pinnacled castles, so dazzling that she could scarcely bear the sight.

A king, scepter in hand, sat upon a golden throne, with courtiers and ladies grouped about him. And the hundred tales her grandmother had told her about nymphs and fairies, gods, goddesses, and sleeping beauties, came true before her eyes !

The whole pageant was moving slowly and majestically onward. Flags and banners waved, and shining instruments blew those transcendent airs she knew so well.

To her it was a never ending pageant, for Mauma took her away before it was over. Afterward when she begged to be taken back to the window again, Mauma replied enigmatically, "Sakes alive, honey, there's no Mardigras now !"

She could not understand. It was the world that she had seen, and the world could not vanish away.

There were long galleries belting the buildings, one above another. Here much of the seamy business of the stores and shops was carried on, and much of the private life of families cropped out. Here children were disciplined. Here was sometimes paid the shabby price of hospitality. When the family life was repressed or crowded out, and guests were allowed to appropriate all the moral oxygen at the front of the house, there was sometimes generated a kind of poison in the domestic atmosphere which resulted in unhappy little explosions on the rear galleries, between husbands and wives, or between parents and children.

If it was not always the reverse side of life which Beatrice saw, it was at least the private and intimate side.

There was one building whose upper story contained a handsomely appointed hall or assembly room, in which there was an occasional ball, or some other form of gay entertainment.

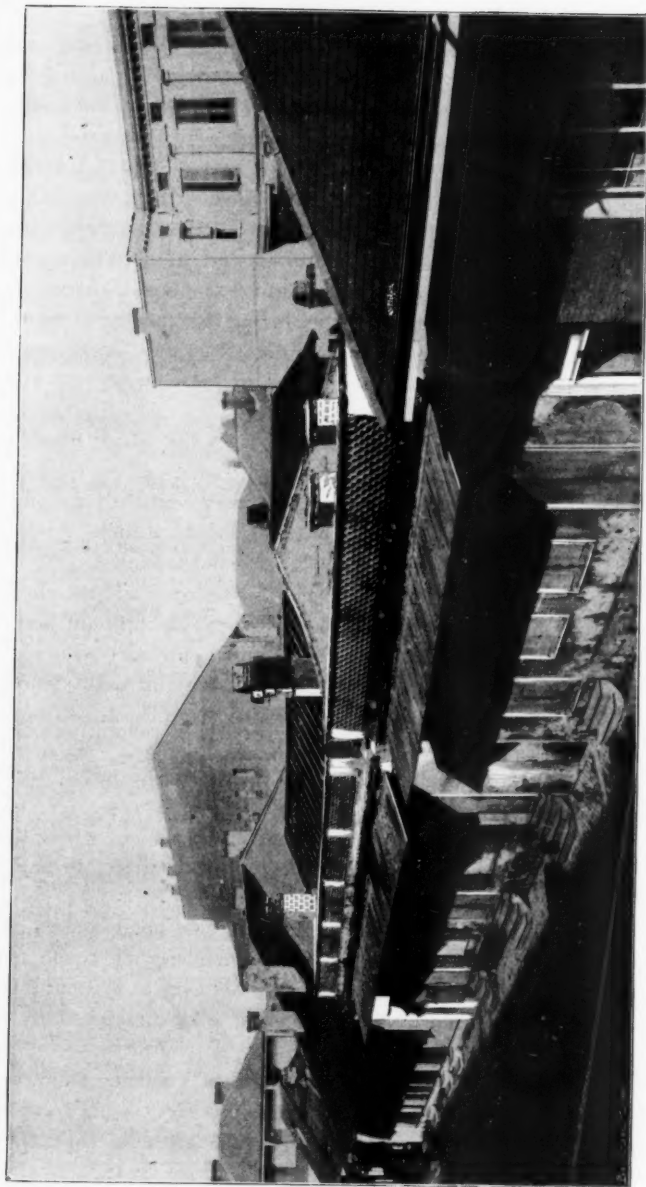
At these times the windows were thrown open and the chandeliers were lighted, and she could look upon the brilliant scene and observe the beautiful ladies and gallant gentlemen who constituted the class which the humble folk, leaning upon the fences in the dark court below and gazing up into this bright, unattainable world, described as "de quality."

But was it unattainable? Not to Beatrice, if she might trust the prophecy of her inner soul!

Sometimes the ladies and gentlemen stepped out upon the gallery in pairs, after a prolonged spin to waltz music, to enjoy the moonlight, the cool air, and a *tete-a-tete*.

There was to the child a mystery about these handsome young couples. Why did he bend over her so tenderly and touch her so reverently? And why did she raise her eyes to his and then let them fall with a blush? They seemed to be conscious only of themselves and of each other.

There was an ecstasy in their slightest contact. And yet they were chary of themselves, these discreet young people. There was a delicate poise in their mutual attitude which they dared not disturb.



"IN THE CROWDED OLD FRENCH QUARTER."

One night she witnessed a little scene that stirred in her girlish bosom a new range of emotions. She whispered to herself, "I wonder if when I am grown some young man, tall and grand, with a sword at his side and with bright buttons on his coat, will take me in his arms and kiss me—so!" And from that time the outer world grouped itself round a single figure, round one who should share with her all the glories that were to come.

The upper galleries were used exclusively by white people, whose faces and occupations were as familiar to her as were all her other surroundings.

One particularly nice person with whom she was on very friendly terms, though she had never spoken to him, was an old wig-maker. He was quite destitute of hair, himself, but that was an advantage to him in a business way; for he was wont to use his bald head as a dummy upon which to drape his wares. He was forever washing and weaving, and dyeing, and drying, and curling, out there in the sun. And as he finished his artistic creations he tried them on, and patted and arranged them before a greasy little mirror that hung on the door-post. The grotesque effect of a lady's blonde tresses or raven ringlets dangling about his funny little red face was more than Beatrice's gravity could withstand. One day the rippling laughter breaking unconsciously from her childish lips attracted his attention. He glanced sharply down into the court with a doubtful expression of countenance which soon resolved itself into a sort of quizzical complacency. He felt complimented by her evident interest in his operations; and after that he sometimes—when not too hard pressed—posed for her benefit, and called down to ask in broken English, if he were not a beauty, a belle, a *charmanle*!

Near by was a man who cleaned gloves; and next to him a woman who repaired men's clothing, a genteel sort of person whose humble calling was a secret probably, well guarded from her friends.

Still farther along was a small druggist who kept a lot of little pots simmering over an oil stove.

From all these people she received from time to time signs of friendly recognition, and occasionally a trifling gift,—a little bag of nuts, a bit of candy, a picture card torn carefully from a package of goods.

But up to the day on which this story opens she had never in her life held conversation with any human being except old Mauma Salome. Her reticence was in part natural, but more in obedience to orders.

Salome had the power to command respect even from those above her. Throughout her life her moral level had been far superior to her social rank.

She possessed the true spirit of independence, which has reference not so much to physical conditions as to moral integrity. Slave though she was, many a proud lady had blushed for her weaknesses under Salome's clear, honest eyes. She had never cringed, nor purchased a favor at the cost of her self-respect.

In no sense was she a common wench, this pale old octroon. She had been all her life long the constant companion of her beautiful and distinguished mistress, Rosamond La Scalla. She had been taught reading, and music, and other accomplishments in order that she might be able to entertain Miss Rosamond whenever, and in whatever manner, that imperious lady desired.

Her speech, whether English or French, was more like that of the white people about her than of the colored.

As Beatrice sat upon the old stone step, surveying her world, she was suddenly startled by the sound of children's voices.

Looking up she saw three little girls climbing out of a window onto the nearest gallery. Two of them leaned over the railing, and their bright eyes, flashing down into the court, fell upon her.

"Oh, what a darling!" one of them cried. "Tell us your name, won't you, little girl?"

Forgetting alike her reserve and her grandmother's injunctions, she promptly answered, "Beatrice."

"Beatrice," repeated her interlocutor, "what a funny name! Beatrice what?"

"Just Beatrice," she replied.

"Oh, you don't mean it, everybody has another name, don't you know?"

"Hush, Kitty, don't tease her," interposed the eldest of the three children.

"Our other name is Pembroke," Kitty went on. "Mabel, that's this one, she's my older sister; and Kitty, that's me; and

Nell, she's the youngest, she isn't much more than a baby, you see."

"I'm not a baby!" protested Nell, trying to stretch up so that she, too, might look over the railing and see the stranger. Failing in this, she stooped down and peeped between the spindles.

"You're white, ain't you, Beatrice?" Kitty asked presently.

Mabel gave her a sharp poke with her elbow and whispered, "For shame, Kitty! I'll tell mama how rude you are."

"Well," retorted Kitty, "Auntie says you can't always tell whether folks are white or colored down here."

Beatrice knew from much incidental talk in the neighborhood that there was a mighty difference between "white" and "colored," with the advantages all in favor of the former. But she had never thought of classifying herself. There had never been a question in her mind about her own social identity.

Not deigning to reply to Kitty's question, she vanished inside the kitchen door and went up to her grandmother, who sat with a wooden piggin between her knees, shelling pease.

"Mauma, am I white?" she demanded, looking up into the dusky face with her unwavering gaze.

The old woman started so violently that the piggin was near falling to the ground.

"Fo' the Lawd's sake! whateveh put such an idea as that in yo' little head, honey?" she exclaimed, giving herself time to think before replying to the question.

Through her reading, and her knowledge of the world, and through much silent thinking, Salome had acquired a burning sense of the wrongs that had been done to her and hers. But she was intensely loyal, and in her younger days she had let slip many an opportunity to escape from bondage. As the years wore on, she came to think that for herself it mattered little. But no such apathy dulled her feeling with respect to her children.

At the death of Beatrice' mother,—her pretty, graceful Rene, fair of face and sweet of voice,—Salome had gone down upon her knees to young Master Ralph La Scalla, who was then the head of the family, and begged with streaming eyes for the child's freedom. And he had given his careless promise that her prayer

should be granted. Not only that, but — seeing that the little one was white and beautiful — he declared that she should be sent abroad to be educated, and should have a bit of property for her support. Good reason he had, indeed! thought the old grandmother, for making this generous provision.

The promise filled her with transports of delight. Freedom for Beatrice meant, it seemed to her, the redemption of her race from the taint even of slave blood. For surely there must be an end of the curse somewhere, and when nature had wiped out all signs and traces of it, why should not God and the world accept the purified blossom?

But, alas! news came one day of the young man's sudden and violent death,—and the promise was not fulfilled.

The poor old soul's disappointment was terrible. She had no expectation that Miss Rosamond would carry out her brother's intentions, even if they were known to her, for there had been little sympathy between the two. Moreover, Miss Rosamond had taken a hypochondriac's unreasoning dislike to the child. It was in compliance with her strict commands that Beatrice had been kept always an unsuspecting prisoner. Perhaps it was because she expressed all too plainly in her form and features, and even in certain tricks of speech, and in carriage and gesture, the striking beauty and the fascinating eccentricities of the La Scallas.

But in face of all these discouragements, old Salome, in course of time, resurrected her hope. She began a cautious but persistent siege at the cold heart of her mistress, and a strenuous one at the Throne of Grace. Patiently she labored, and long and faithfully she prayed. Her service and her devotions at least brought their reward in beneficent reaction upon her own soul. She forced herself to believe that it would all come right in the end, and read the Scriptures with a view of fortifying her conviction. It was as if she had made a compact with Fate, and would not allow a doubt to encroach upon her belief lest it should be construed by that inexorable power as an act of bad faith.

It had been a sweet conceit of hers ever since the child was born, that she was "white" even in the race sense. And now Beatrice herself seemed to challenge the conceit, and she resented it.

"Go look in the glass, yonda'," she said sharply, "and see fo' yo'self."

Beatrice climbed upon a chair and examined her face in an old French mirror, which had long ago lost caste and been relegated to the kitchen.

Salome rested her bare arms on the rim of the piggin and regarded her triumphantly.

"Well, honey?" she demanded at last.

Beatrice drew a long sigh. "I reckon I's white," she said, "but my cheeks ain't pink like Kitty's."

"Fo' the lan' sake! who you talking about, child?" the old woman asked with a frown. "Pink cheeks go with yellow hair and blue eyes, mostly. Yo' father had them." She resumed her work and went on as if talking to herself, "But he was the only one that was fair complexioned, the rest were all dark like old Miss Rose."

"Am I a *Ia Scalla*?" asked Beatrice with wide eyes.

"Well, I don't know what else you are, honey," Salome returned doggedly. "The Lawd himself knows that my Miss Rose up hyer is yo' own flesh and blood aunt."

She got up and set the pan of shelled pease on the table and began to kindle a fire.

Beatrice stepped out into the court again, and, finding that the Pembroke children had disappeared, she decided to look after a big brown grasshopper which she had temporarily imprisoned in a stockade made of toothpicks and covered with a banana skin, to see if she might not correct his frivolous habits and make him amenable to the laws of polite society. She had a great faculty for educating the small creatures about her, and the extent to which they responded was quite wonderful.

Mr. Grasshopper had liberated himself by beating down the walls of his stronghold, and had either left the country or gone into ambush. So Beatrice betook herself to a tiny green bower underneath the honeysuckle vine, where she had constructed a little seat for herself and cushioned it with some tree moss and a scrap of old carpet. This was her favorite retreat. The leaves clustered thickly overhead, and when there was the slightest breeze they seemed to whisper among themselves. Sometimes



THE OLD ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, NEW ORLEANS.

"For sounds, she had the matin and the vesper bells ringing out over the city,
far and near."

she went to sleep here, and they kept on whispering through her dreams.

Today she did not go to sleep. She was too busy digesting the bits of family history Mauma had dropped.

Presently she got up and ran into the kitchen again with a question that died upon her lips. For at that moment Salome came stumbling down the stairs with her apron to her face, choking with sobs.

It was so new and terrible a thing that the child was paralyzed with fright.

"O, my po' missus, my po' old missus!" wailed Mauma, dropping into a chair and rocking her body to and fro. "She's done called this time fo' sho'. O, Lawd! O, Lawd, have mercy!"

Beatrice felt her stiffened muscles relax.

"Where is she called to, Mauma?" she asked, with lips that were still a little drawn.

Salome hushed herself to a dead calm and took the apron from her eyes.

"Why, to heaven, of co'se, honey," she replied in an awed voice, and then resumed her lamentations.

But the information was a relief to Beatrice. So long as the trouble, whatever it was, affected only Miss Rose, it mattered little to her. And if Miss Rose was going to heaven —

All at once Mauma dropped upon her knees, clasped her wrinkled hands and uplifted her eyes in an agony of prayer, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"O, Lawd! dear Lawd! cyan't yo' wait a little longer, just a little longer, till her heart is done softened and she's done persuaded — sho', she's almost persuaded, Lawd,—"

The prayer was cut short by a little bell above the stair door which began to quiver on its slender wire.

Salome sprang to her feet and hurried up the stairs, drying her eyes and settling her features as she went.

Beatrice returned to the court. Nothing had changed there, the sun was shining and the sky was a beautiful turquoise blue. The negro women were busy in their several dooryards, laughing and chatting as was their wont. A mocking-bird was trilling in a treetop, and a cricket kept up a monotonous scraping on its one

tireless string. A newly caught chameleon which she had tethered to a tree, as a first step toward his civilization, basked contentedly in a sunny spot.

These familiar sights and sounds were reassuring, though the recollection of her grandmother's terrible grief oppressed her in spite of her conviction that it was no great matter if Miss Rose did die. Of course dying, and going to heaven, meant the same thing. She knew all about that, she had had some very dear pets die, and she believed they were now enjoying the glories of a celestial abode made especially for their kind, and inaccessible to boys.

In the course of half an hour she heard Mauma's lumbering step again,—Mauma had a touch of rheumatism and her old legs were stiff from much trotting up and down the stairs.

Beatrice ran back into the kitchen and was immeasurably relieved to find that her grandmother's face wore a lively and business-like expression, and that she had resumed her customary voice and demeanor. She was bustling about rekindling the fire in the cook-stove.

"Run, quick, and fetch me some wata', honey," she commanded. Beatrice took the kettle and ran out to the cistern, glad of such little commonplace duties, because they seemed to indicate that things were coming back to their normal balance. She wanted very much to know if Miss Rose was dead, but shrank from touching upon so explosive a subject.

Salome blew the pine knots into a blaze and set the kettle over, and stood watching it.

"Doctor Chevanne thinks may be he can pull Miss Rose through this time," she volunteered. "But I've observed that every one o' these hyer spells is mo' stringent than the last, and she'll sho'ly have to go befo' long."

Mauma shook her head dolefully; the corners of her mouth began to droop and her chin quivered. Beatrice feared she was about to go off again, and hastened to avert the catastrophe.

"Ain't heaven a nice place, Mauma?" she ventured, "and won't Miss Rose like to be flying around on wings, along with all her friends, instead o' sitting up hyer alone?"

"Bless yo' little heart, honey! it ain't Miss Rose yo' selfish old Mauma's worrying about, mostly. The Lawd'll take care o'

her, sho', fo' she's done been a faithful chu'ch member all her bo'n days. It's yo'self, Betty, darling, and this wo'thless old cyarcass o' mine I'm speculating 'bout. What'll eveh become o' you and me is mo' than I can tell, mo' than I can tell."

Here was a greater puzzle than ever to the child. She recognized no personal dependence upon Miss Rose herself, and respecting the relation between that ghostly lady and her grandmother, she supposed the obligation was on the other side, since Miss Rose's very existence hung upon Mauma's care of her.

"Why, shan't we stay right hyer?" she asked with perplexed brows.

Mauma shook her head dismally.

"But where shall we go, then?"

"Some o' the family kin will come and claim us, I reckon,—unless Miss Rose contrariwises them in her will."

Before Beatrice could formulate a question with which to probe this dense mystery, the kettle began to boil and Salome whipped it off the stove and started up stairs.

The next few days might have been very lonely ones to Beatrice, had she not been so well accustomed to her solitary life. Salome had no time at all to give to her; she could only bestow a kiss, or a pat, or a pet word upon her now and then, in the hurry of preparing something for Miss Rose.

Beside all her old interests,—the bugs, and the birds, and flowers, and so forth,—Beatrice now had a new one, the Pembroke children, for whom she watched shyly but anxiously. They appeared again very soon, and immediately accosted her. Kitty begged her pardon for having so rudely questioned her the other day.

This led to an explanation which Beatrice was eager to make. She grew quite interested in establishing her identity: She was "white," her other name was "La Scalla"; she too had an aunt, who was an invalid and stayed always in her room upstairs; her papa and mama were dead, and Mauma took care of her.

On these recommendations she was invited to climb up onto the roof of her shed, which was on a level with their gallery, or balcony, as they called it, to listen to the reading of some wonderful stories in a large, thin book.

Mabel did the reading, and Kitty made the comments and explanations when any were necessary. Nell sat by with her doll, and never took her big round eyes off Beatrice's face.

Beatrice was surprised and delighted to find that none of the stories were new. They were the same that Mauma had told to her over and over again, and in which her interest never waned.

She knew them so well, moreover, and was so sure of every word, that she was sometimes obliged to stop the reading and explain that the book was wrong in this or that particular. Whereupon a lively discussion would ensue. Kitty would point out to her that the book must be right, for books could not be mistaken. There the words were, right before your eyes, just the same as the leaves on the trees; you couldn't be mistaken about those, could you?

But Beatrice was not convinced even by such positive evidence. Mauma knew, of course, and there was no going back of that. Her temper rose a little when Kitty impatiently threw disparagement upon her grandmother's infallibility; and Kitty was obliged to apologize profusely in order to prevent her from taking a precipitate leave.

The Pembrokes were making only a few days' visit in the city. One evening the children called their regretful "goodbyes" down to Beatrice, and kissed their hands to her, and threw her a little coral necklace as a parting gift.

When they were gone, the little prisoner experienced for the first time a sense of loss and loneliness.

[To be continued.]

SETTLERS.

From "Prairie Songs," by Hamlin Garland.

Above them soars a dazzling sky,
In winter blue and clear as steel,
In summer like an arctic sea,
Wherein great icebergs drift and reel
And melt like sudden sorcery;

Beneath them plains stretch far and fair,
Rich with sunlight and with rain;
Vast harvests ripen with their care
And fill with overplus of grain
Their square great bins;

Yet still they strive! I see them rise
At dawn-light going forth to toil;
The same salt sweat has filled my eyes;
My feet have trod the self-same soil
Behind the snarling share.

A TRIO FROM NATURE.

BY BARTON O. AYLESWORTH.

VICTORY IN DEATH.

THE sumach host in martial splendor flung
Upon a hundred hills its banners red ;
The wary pheasant drummed the while among
The golden maples, call to battles dread.

The skirmish lines of hoary Frost had met
E'en now the half surprised out-posts of green,
And left on many a form a wound that let
The red blood stain the forest-armor's sheen.

Forerunner swift of Winter's deadly horde
That soon in mail of frozen white would rush
With gleaming spears of ice, and edge of sword
In cutting winds — then midnight's awful hush.

* * * * *

Forever more shall strength and beauty rise
When life its last and great encounter knows ;
And thus at edge of time, where mortal dies,
Shall triumph come although o'er-held by foes.

HIS IMAGE.

Far out at sea a fisher-boat was homeward bound ;
Behind it lay a bar of black, surmounted high
With terraces of yellow gold and crimson sky,
While overhead the filmy folds of cloud hung round.
A tiny thing amid the elemental span,
Yet in its rocking arms still faster to the shore
It bore, small part of all the swinging world, yet more
Than sea or land or sky,—the shape of God,—a *Man*.

WARMTH.

Like bending boughs frost-wrapt in winter's breath,
Agleam with bright, unmelting, slanting sun,
Is Art, when thought alone its content is,
When Love forbidden, stands aloof, undone.

"SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA."

BY S. H. M. BYERS.

[Revised and corrected by the author, for THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.]

Our camp fires shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe —
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march to the sea."

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men.
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to battle,
We marched on our dangerous way,
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca, —
God bless those who fell on that day, —
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free,
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

O, proud was our army that morning
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said: "Boys, you are weary,
This day fair Savannah is ours."
Then sang we a song for our chieftain
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banner shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

A HISTORIC WAR SONG.

HOW AND WHERE I WROTE "SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA."

BY S. H. M. BYERS.

Read at a Banquet of the Loyal Legion, in Des Moines, Iowa, November 21, 1893.



It is curious to reflect how many of our popular songs and poems have, at some time or another, been claimed by persons not their authors.

Careless journalism—the desire to print anything that may excite talk—helps on to this amusing and multitudinous pater-nity of American verse. Half the songs in the country have, in some journal or another, been attributed to persons who did not write them. This has been the fate, too, of "Sherman's March to the Sea."

Only the other day a leading eastern magazine made the positive statement that the author of this war song was L. Melott. Of course, I was a little bit astonished, for I had always supposed myself the writer of the verses referred to. Perhaps, too, I was a little pleased that somebody had thought them good enough to steal. Literary thieves are, as a rule, you know, quite particular.

Right at that moment I received an invitation from the committee of the Loyal Legion to occupy a few minutes of your time this evening. At first I did not know what to say, and then I thought of Melott, the "author" of my song. Instantly I declared, "I will tell my war comrades the story of this song—how and where it was written, and all about it."

It was not composed at any such banquet as this, let me tell you, as an introduction. There were no frock coats and gold badges there. I was going on an empty stomach in those days in Dixie—those miserable prison days.

Perhaps the authorship of a song does not interest very many. There are more important things in the world than that. And yet, who has not dwelt with some pleasure, even a melancholy pleasure at times, on the story of "Home, Sweet Home," "The Watch on the Rhine," "The Marseillaise," or "The Star Spangled

Banner"? All these songs, like scores of others that have stirred our hearts to new joy, or exalted us to higher patriotism, have a story of their own.

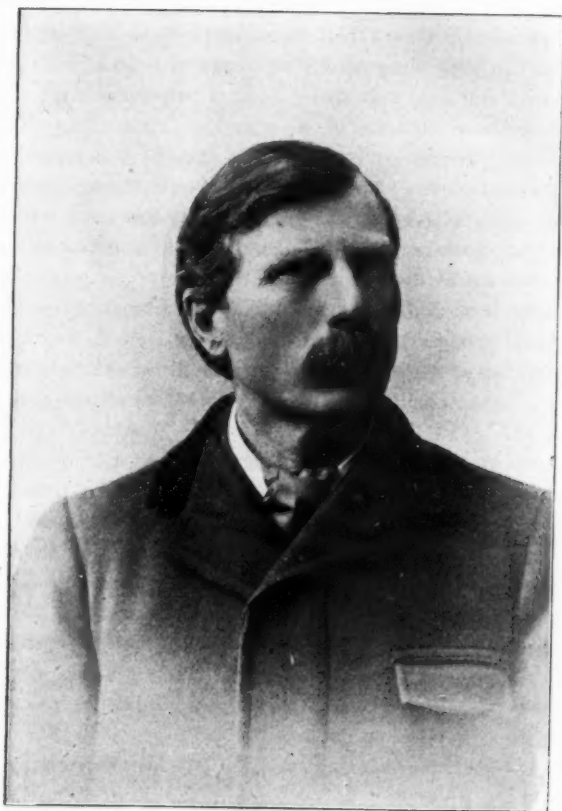
"The Star Spangled Banner" was written by a prisoner of war, and so, as I have intimated, was "Sherman's March to the Sea." Will it seem immodest if I tell you how it happened—I, who know about it? I see one, two, or three faces here tonight who were there at the time, and, if corroboration were necessary, Judge Conrad or Captain Russell should be my witnesses. Pardon a little bit of personal history in connection with it all. I was a volunteer soldier in the Fifth Iowa Infantry. What Iowa man is not proud of the deeds of the Fifth Regiment, that body of men that marched out a thousand strong and left five hundred men dead or disabled on southern battle fields? That was the kind of regiments this loyal state sent out to put down treason. It was treason then; they call it by softer names in these newer times.

Well, after many battles and hard marches, eighty of our command were overpowered and captured in the fearful charge at the "Tunnel," in the battle of Missionary Ridge. I happened to be one of that unlucky number.

As a comment on what took place in southern prisons in those days, let me tell you that out of that eighty healthy young men only sixteen ever came home alive. Of nine men of my own company only one, beside myself, lived to tell the tale, and he is long since dead.

Dead, all dead! I have a right to talk, have n't I? That is what it cost to be loyal in the war times.

We were marched down the railroad that night after the battle nearly half way to Atlanta, and soon were hurried into Libby Prison at Richmond. Then came seven months of horrors only to be succeeded by seven months of greater horrors still. We were carted about everywhere, and anywhere that might seem farther away from our friends, the advancing armies of the North. We went to Macon, to Savannah, to Charleston, to be placed under the fire from our own gun boats—nothing seemed too cruel; nothing seemed too malicious in the eyes of our captors. Then we were hurried to a spot near Columbia, the heart of South Carolina.



MAJOR S. H. M. BYERS.

All the time we were dimly hearing how Sherman's army had fought its hundred days between Chattanooga and Atlanta. We knew he had cut loose from his base of supplies, and with sixty thousand veterans was heading for a new base on the Atlantic ocean.

Something in the air was telling us of important events. The rebels — we called them rebels then — were exceedingly glum.

In all the long, long weeks when we lay there at Columbia pining and starving and dying from a treatment that savages would have been ashamed of, we were hoodwinked and misled as to what Sherman's army was really doing. We were rarely allowed a newspaper. The rebels were even deluding themselves, and feigned to believe that the great army of the west was walking into a death trap from which no man would ever escape. After a few weeks they moved us from their pen in the woods into the town of Columbia itself. We were placed in the yard of the asylum with a high brick wall around us, and with armed guards on top of the wall. There are those here tonight who can recall the horrors of that winter. They will recall them to their graves.

I have said news getting was difficult. It was more ; it was dangerous. A few of us who lived together in a little wedge tent — determined to know the facts. There was a loyal negro (they were all loyal for that matter), who was allowed to bring us loaves of bread, if we happened to have the money to pay for them. Few of us ever did have it. Into one of these loaves our negro friend often placed the morning newspaper — rolled up into a lump not bigger than a pigeon's egg. So we got the news.

"They would hang me in a minute," said the old colored man, "were they to find this out"—and I think he was correct.

These newspapers denied everything—but between the lines we could discern the truth. We found out that the great commander had gone clear through rebeldom, and had taken Savannah. That was the blow that broke the rebellion's back sure enough.

We were often bootless and sockless, and blanketless, we prisoners in Columbia. We looked little like the federal officers we were. We were eight hundred then, and we suffered from

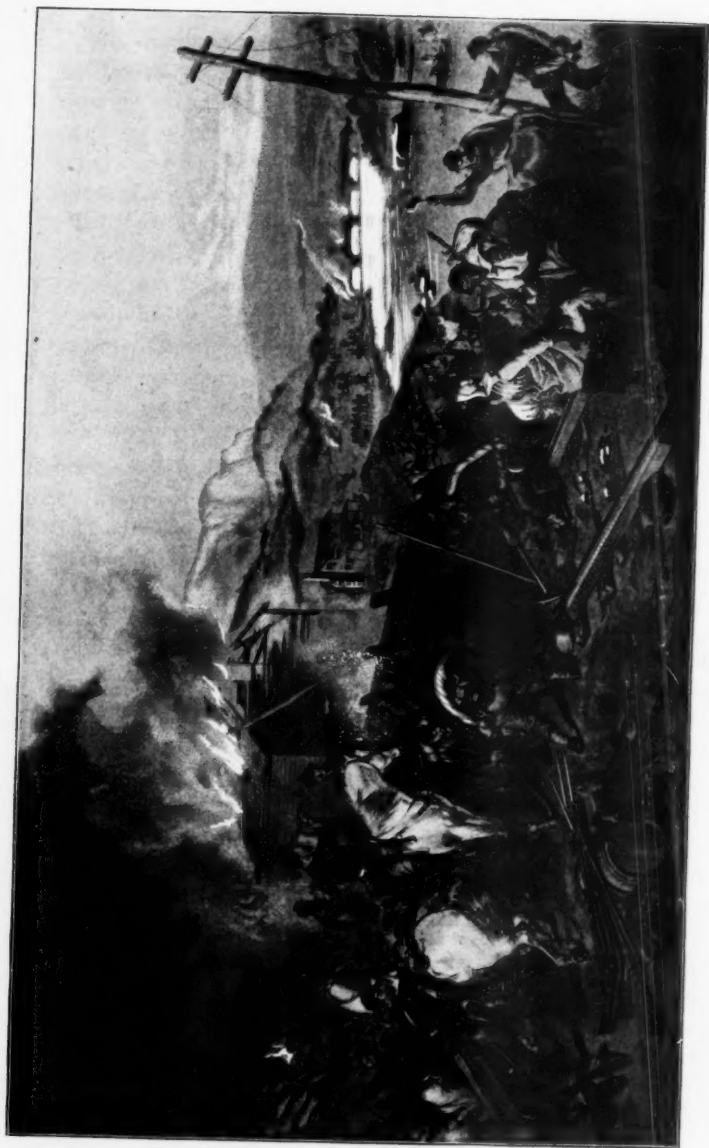
hunger, and from cold. I had almost no garments at all. I found I could sleep best during the day when the sun shone, as it occasionally did, and then the only way to keep warm at night was to walk about the prison pen.

One night while pacing up and down, and cogitating on the wonderful success of Sherman's campaign, I wondered what they would call it. It was not a battle only, I reflected, but a march as well — and a march to the sea. Instantly the thought struck me of a song.

With these words for a title, walking about in the darkness, I composed a little of the plan, and when daylight came and my comrades had left the little tent, I crept in, covered myself up in the straw and finished the song. I read it first to Major Marshall of my regiment, and he asked to show it to another friend. This friend proved to be a Lieutenant Rockwell, member of the prison glee club which was led by Major Isett. There were good voices in that club, I want to tell you! All swelldom of Columbia, men and women, used to come and climb upon the guard's platform "to hear the yankees sing." The club sang upon the steps of an old frame building inside the prison yard, and we prisoners in our rags stood in front by hundreds, an appreciative audience. No objections were made to any kind of songs, however loyal, if only the club interspersed them with the "Bonny Blue Flag" and "Dixie."

One afternoon a new song (about Sherman) was announced from the platform.

Lieutenant Rockwell, without my knowledge, had written music for my verses. Everybody listened, everybody cheered! It was repeated, and repeated, and they cheered again, and again. I hear that cheering still, and the embarrassed author, standing in his rags under a little persimmon tree, was seized and dragged to the front. He had become a hero in an hour! It does n't take much to make heroes among prisoners, perhaps — but from that hour every prisoner in Columbia was my friend. The song was sung daily. Who will say it did not cheer us? It had given a name to a great campaign. Prisoners who could write well, made money by copying it handsomely for others.



"THE MARCH TO THE SEA."
Drawn by Darley; engraved by Ritchie.

"Shorty," Lieutenant Tower, a prisoner with a wooden leg — and that hollow — was sent through the lines north. In that leg he carried my song to Sherman's army, and in a week it was as popular there as it had been in the prison pen. It was sung everywhere; first to this music, and then to that; and none of the music was very good.

I had tried escaping from my bondage several times, only to be recaptured and brought back. Once, when out for several days, I donned a rebel uniform and entered the rebel army, being present with it at the terrible battle of Atlanta; and I was near to the spot where General McPherson was killed. In the midst of the fight I was discovered and very nearly paid the penalty of my daring with my life. Only an accident saved me from being shot or hung. What that accident was was described in detail some years since in the *Atlantic Monthly*. On the 17th of February, 1865, I tried it again and got away. When I came north I found all the soldiers singing "Sherman's March to the Sea," and with it Mr. Works' "Marching Through Georgia."

A music journal said that nearly a million copies of my song had been sold by 1866. It has to an extent been selling ever since.

I gave the song for publication to H. M. Higgins, of Chicago. "If it turns out well," he said, "you will hear from me." I had not much money in those days, and with the plaudits of the song ringing in my ears, I went home wondering what I should do with all my expected wealth when I should hear from Mr. Higgins. I heard at last — and he sent me just five dollars!

His plea was that all the other publishers had stolen the song and set it to all sorts of music, and that he had made no money from it. I think he may have told the truth. None of the various settings seemed popular. The words go as well to the air of "The Red, White and Blue" as to anything else.

The song appeared in many books of the war and in most public journals. Rossiter Johnson included it in his collection of "Single Famous Poems," and General Sherman put it in his memoirs.

It is a popular delusion that the march to the sea commenced only with the fall of Atlanta. In all his battles of the hundred

days — Ringgold, Resaca, Kenesaw, Atlanta, and the rest — Sherman ever had his eye on the Georgia coast. The General told me that himself in after days, and declared that my geography of the march was right. The march to the sea commenced at the battle of Chattanooga.

When the great General took Columbia he found me, an escaped prisoner, secreted in a negro's hut. That night I witnessed the burning of Columbia. In his "Memoirs" the General tells how a prison comrade of mine gave him a copy of the song as he rode into Columbia at the head of his victorious army. He liked the verses, sent for me, and gave me a provisional position on his staff. In a few days he sent me with important secret dispatches to President Lincoln at Washington, and put among the papers a recommendation that I be appointed to the regular army. Ill health, in consequence of my sufferings in prison, prevented my acceptance; but later, showing his gratitude,—a quality that belonged to his nature,—he urged my appointment to the consular service.

You know the rest. If I have pride in the past success of the song, it is not for the song itself so much as for the fact that it was my fortune to give a name to the most picturesque campaign of the great war.

LULLABY—ROCKING SONG.

BY CLARA ADELE NEIDIG.

NOW for a journey, Baby dear,
Into a land that lies quite near.
Mother's arms will bear you along,—
Arms by burden of love made strong.
When we arrive at "Sleepy Gate,"
You may enter, but I will wait.

High, low,

Here we go!

Low, high,

You and I.

Fear not, Baby, though night is nigh;
See the lanterns that deck the sky!
He who hung them upon the blue
Watches, little one, over you.
Into my arms now closer creep;
Soon we will reach the "Gates of Sleep."

Low, high,

You and I;

High, low,

Here we go!

Now I will kiss each eyelid fair,
Breathing the while an earnest prayer:
That as Life's evening shades draw nigh
Love may inspire your "Lullaby".
Mother will still her vigil keep,
Though you have reached the "Gates of Sleep."

High, low.

There you go!

Low, high,

Baby bye,—

Bye —

Bye.



CYRENUS COLE.

REPRESENTATIVE MEN. I.

"FATHER" CLARKSON.

BY CYRENUS COLE.



THE best key to Coker F. Clarkson's character is found in the title which is inseparably linked with his name. Every one called him "Father" Clarkson. In life he bore the honor nobly ; in death name and title were not separated. Outside of the church one searches in vain for a similar union. To say that he was the father of two brothers distinguished in Iowa affairs does not account for it. Designations of convenience seldom grow into titles of respect, veneration and affection. In this case the appellation stood for something ; for some real and all-pervading quality in the character of the man to whom it was applied. The title fitted the man and the man fitted the title.

In personal appearance as well as in character Father Clarkson verified his title. Those who saw him always remembered him. His best portraits are better character sketches than any that can be drawn in words. Every line in his face denoted decision and action. It was a strong and a serious face. It was rugged and stern, and yet sweetness and tenderness were not absent. The spirit of a race of fighters and agitators, stamped on his features, was softened by the memories of a race of loving and gentle women. The blood of two sexes flowed in his veins, and the lines of both were drawn in his features. But the sterner lines predominated. Only the closest observers saw the gentler ones. So delicately were the two natures blended that of the pictures in which his likeness is preserved only a few convey the kindlier feelings and the fuller meanings of the man's heart. When the softer lines — what we may call the womanhood in his manhood — are omitted, or dimmed, whether on the canvas of the mind or of the artist, the result is not a character sketch, but a caricature. There are human faces so weak that when one line is omitted, or blurred, there is no manhood left in them ; Father

Clarkson's face was so strong that when one line is dimmed it becomes all strength like the oak and all sternness like tempered steel.

His career also justified the title. It was as unique as his character, for one's career is the product of his character. In point of years Father Clarkson was a remarkable man. On the brink of four score he walked erect and ruled like a king in the full possession of his kingdom. He had lived out more than an average lifetime before he came to Iowa. He brought nearly forty-five years with him when he crossed the Mississippi river in 1855. He had been a boy in Maine, among the pines and near the great ocean whose strength and dignity, calmness in fair weather and fury in storm, became parts of him by inheritance from a bold, sea-faring ancestry. He had crossed the Alleghanies in the van of civilization. He had been a pioneer in Indiana. He had been a day-laborer on the Miami canal for two years, a Hoosier schoolmaster, a printer's apprentice, an editor, and a flat-boatman, taking his products to New Orleans over the same waterway which Abraham Lincoln traversed to the Gulf. He had been a partisan in the contest between Henry Clay and Andrew Jackson, had made speeches for William Henry Harrison, and for more than a quarter of a century had been a Whig of the strictest sect and the hardest fighting faction. He had known what it is to toil and to suffer ; to have great hopes and high ambitions in surroundings full of toil that ground down and wants that bred harshness. He spent fifteen more years on an Iowa farm, carved out of the open prairies of Grundy county, schooling himself in all the struggles and vicissitudes, the gains and losses, the encouragements and discouragements of Iowa farming, before he entered upon the closing and crowning work of his life as agricultural editor of the Iowa State Register.

Father Clarkson's good and great qualities were not accidental. Brave English hearts had preceded him in the ancestral line, and sweet English souls. Centuries before the family came to America they had a motto—mottoes in those early English days were not the insignia of rank, nor the emblems of wealth, but the outward expressions of some sentiment or quality or prominent family trait. The Clarkson motto,—*per ardua*,—in plain English, is

"through difficulties." It was not a fancy of some ingenious mind, it was the living expression of living qualities. It summed up the courage and the persistence, the boldness and the determination, the dare all and the never give up qualities which were so vividly reproduced in the career and character of Father Clarkson, upon whose shoulders destiny laid the burden and the honors of carrying the family name and family achievements into the nineteenth century.

Many men—fewer women—habitually underestimate the value of transmitted qualities. They are, nevertheless, the most permanent and potential factors in the world. It is only the doctrine of the survival of the fittest in another form. Good blood may be submerged and flow like the current of a river in a sandy desert, hidden from the sight of the world—suddenly bursting into the sunshine of song, as in Shakespeare and Burns, or expanding into great deeds, as in Lincoln and Grant. Much of the contempt that the world feels for this doctrine is due to the popular fallacy of associating good blood with great wealth. This is manifestly an evil association. Money and good qualities may go together, but they are in no wise necessarily connected. The doctrine of chance is a poor one, no matter where applied. It is poorest and fails most completely when applied to the problem of great men and women. It took a long succession of great men and loving women to produce a Shakespeare, however humble his home or thriftless and ignorant his parents may have been. The master poet wrote for all time, as his friend Ben Jonson declared, because in some mysterious way of heaven and for some great purpose of humanity, centuries of observation and experience and reflection, of great-doing, deep-feeling and high-thinking were focused in that wonderful heart and brain. The century plant grows a hundred years to mature a single blossom; what, then, are a few generations of men and women to produce a great man? These utterances do not spring from any infatuation or even sympathy with the too prevalent tendency toward an American aristocracy. But if there were not something in inheritance, if great and good qualities were not in some way connected with generations of good living, if rearing counted as nothing in the equation of great men and good women, what encouragement would be

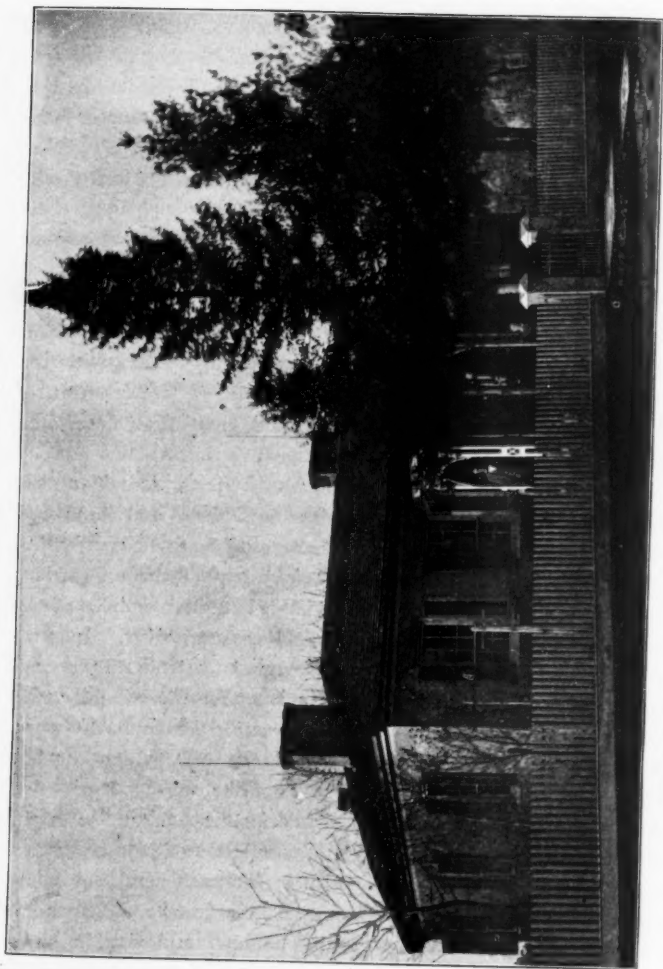
held out for the practice of those higher virtues of life which save the world constantly from retrograding?

The ancestral element was peculiarly strong in Father Clarkson. His character was determined a hundred years before he was born, and his career was shaped back in the indefinite England of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Father Clarkson himself took this view of them. In his latter days he loved to think that from Thomas Clarkson, the noted English abolitionist and coadjutor of Wilberforce, "came the drop of contentious and challenging blood which made all the later Clarksons agitators, whether they wanted to be or not." He traced back his ancestry ten or eleven generations. The early home of the family seems to have been Weisbach. The branch from which Father Clarkson was directly descended removed from there to Cornwall and became miners and sea-faring men. Members of the family found their way to America among the earliest Puritan settlers. The first Clarkson, in Father Clarkson's line, who came to America was Richard Clarkson, a lieutenant in the British army, who landed May 13, 1775, at Boston. The battle of Lexington had been fought a month before. He fought at the battle of Bunker Hill, in Clinton's division, and was wounded by a shot in the shoulder. He was carried on board a man-of-war lying in the harbor, and in the autumn returned to England with General Gage and was mustered out. During his short stay in the new country he had learned to love it, and especially the spirit which animated the brave Continental soldiers and patriots. He married in England, and before the war was over he brought his young wife to Rockingham county, New Hampshire, where he became a farmer. This was in 1779. Father Clarkson's father was born in that new home. In 1806 the family removed to Frankfort, Maine, where, on January 21, 1811, Father Clarkson was born. His mother was Mary Simpson, whose father had been a lieutenant-colonel in the Continental army and marched with Benedict Arnold in the brilliant campaign through New England into Canada. He was named Coker Fifield, after a New Hampshire farmer to whom the family had become attached. He was a baby during the second war with England, in which the Clarksons took an active part, fighting this time on the American side. A can-

non ball, now in the possession of Mother Clarkson, in Des Moines, is valued as a relic of those stirring times. It was shot from a British man-of-war lying in the Penobscot, shattered the family home and passed under the bed on which Father Clarkson, then a baby, was sleeping.

We shall not burden this sketch with biographical details, but a few primary facts in the family history may be better stated here than further on. The family did not tarry long in Maine. As a boy of nine, Father Clarkson was hired out to a farmer at five dollars a month. The same year, 1820, the Clarksons placed their effects in a wagon and started westward. They were sixty-six days on the journey across the mountains and into the wilds of Indiana, the boy of nine driving the team all the way. The family was imbued with the restlessness that urged men ever westward and expended their fighting qualities in battling with the wilderness. From Maine to Iowa they were in the forefront of the army of civilization which conquered more than cities and builded states like empires.

In Franklin county, Indiana, the family at last found another stopping point, and the work of clearing a farm and making a home was undertaken with renewed energy. In this home, within forty miles of the city of Cincinnati, Father Clarkson's parents lived out their days in peace, while the younger members of the family pushed their way across the Mississippi river. In 1824 Father Clarkson saw Lafayette, who came to attend the ceremonies connected with the breaking of ground for the Miami canal, on which he worked as a day laborer at six dollars a month during the open seasons of 1825 and 1826. The money which the boy earned was applied to the purchase of the family homestead. Having fulfilled this filial duty he asked for his time, and so on the 21st of September, 1828, he was apprenticed to a printer, Milton Gregg, in the town of Lawrenceburg, Indiana. On that memorable day he started in life in a suit of blue jeans and fifty cents in his pockets, but already strong in character and rich in hopes and ambition. Before he was twenty he was in virtual control of his master's paper,—the *Western Statesman*,—Milton Gregg, like many modern editors, having wooed and won a political office. At twenty-one we find him installed as full owner of the paper.



THE BROOKVILLE, IND., BIRTHPLACE OF RICHARD P., AND JAMES S. CLARKSON.

In Lawrenceburg, at the same time, Henry Ward Beecher was preaching for three hundred dollars a year. The young editor who swept his own office and the young preacher who swept his own church became warm personal friends. Each found in the other much to admire. On April 2, 1832, Father Clarkson was married to Elizabeth Goudie, of Irish ancestry, whose grandfather had taken a prominent part in the Revolutionary War, and whose father, James Goudie, attained considerable eminence in Indiana politics. He removed with his wife to Brookville, where he became the editor and proprietor of the *Indiana American*, the name of which he changed to the *Brookville American*, under which it is still published. There his four living children — Richard P., James S., Mrs. Frank D. Macy and Mrs. Pamela B. Coe — were born, and there, in 1849, he married his second wife, Miss Elizabeth Colescott, who is still living in Des Moines, loved and revered almost more than a mother. The family's slender income from the weekly newspaper was supplemented by that from a farm which Father Clarkson operated, the products of which he floated down to New Orleans to market.

In 1855 the family removed to Iowa, continuing the westward march. Father Clarkson selected six hundred and sixty-four acres of wild land in Grundy county, and out of them, with the aid of his sons, he made Melrose Farm, which has since become famous in Iowa. He was still in the van of civilization. For six months the tent which sheltered the family was the only home in the western half of Grundy county. In 1870, with his sons, he purchased the *Iowa State Register*, disposing of his interest eighteen months later, for the reason that he could not agree with his sons in the political, or rather party, policy of the paper. The difference grew out of the senatorial contest of 1872, in which the sons espoused the candidacy of William B. Allison, then a young man, but who has since come into national prominence, while the father was an ardent supporter of James Harlan, then a candidate for re-election. A series of letters on farm topics, written from the Melrose home, finally expanded into the famous *Agricultural Department*. In 1878 he gave up his home on the farm, with some reluctance, and followed his sons to Des Moines, where he died on the 7th of May, 1890. Heaven was kinder to Father

Clarkson than to him who saw the promised land from Mount Pisgah, and permitted him to enjoy, during the closing years of his long and useful life, the fruits of his industry and the sweet consciousness of every duty in life bravely met and every mission nobly fulfilled.

The life of man is not made up of days and years, but rather of thoughts and deeds. Men unthinkingly measure time by sun-rises and sunsets, by winters and summers, but such standards fail entirely when applied to character. In days and weeks and years many worthless and many good lives are alike. Character is the only immortal part of men, and therefore the only part that is worth measuring or preserving in history.

Father Clarkson entered life, and more especially the duties of citizenship, at an important point in American history. The period from 1828 to 1832, and later, was a momentous one. The issues were great, and the men were no less great. It was the turning point in American history. The war which came thirty years later was only the culmination of issues projected and defined while Andrew Jackson was president. The "era of good feeling" had been followed by the revival of party spirit. The breach between the North and South began with the tariff of 1828. The doctrine of nullification which had slept since the opening of the century, in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, was once more aroused, and in South Carolina, the state of John C. Calhoun, grew into open rebellion. The North, under the leadership of Daniel Webster, especially in the New England states, turned from a low to a high protective tariff, which Henry Clay had made prominent as his "American policy," while the South, under the leadership of Calhoun, for the first time actively espoused free trade. The change in sentiment in the two sections was brought about by political exigencies more than anything else. In politics, as in the lives of men, great and far-reaching events are often determined by matters unimportant, if not illogical, in themselves. Looked at across the chasm of sixty years the change was both natural and logical, for the North had wage-earners and the South slaves. It is the period in which Webster and Hayne met in debate upon the floor of the United States senate, and the former gathered the currents of American patriotism

which flowed down from the war of 1812 and crystallized them forever in that glittering generality: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable." Amid these violent political convulsions the Whig party, which became the father of the Republican party, was born.

Father Clarkson, true to his New England Puritan ancestry, entered political life as a strong adherent of the new party. Brookville in those days was a rival of Cincinnati, and the young Whig editor and politician came in contact with the great men of the period. He knew Henry Clay personally and became an advocate of the great secretary's "American policy." He knew Daniel Webster and was a believer in his doctrine of the supremacy of the national government. Among his intimate friends were Governor Wallace, of Indiana, the father of Gen. Lew Wallace, and Richard Tyner, the father of Gen. James N. Tyner, postmaster-general under President Grant. He entertained under his hospitable roof the future president of the United States and grandfather of another president, William Henry Harrison. The influences of that period in his life he never outgrew. They were the controlling ones of all his political thought. His son, James S. Clarkson, has well expressed these influences by saying that Father Clarkson remained a Whig all his days.

In the campaign of 1840 Father Clarkson was an important figure in Indiana. He had been a member of the national convention in which Harrison was nominated, at Harrisburg. That campaign is still regarded as one of the most memorable in American political history. It not only decided that election, but, through a revival of the spirit of Tippecanoe, played an important part in the election of another president forty-eight years later. Women entered with as much zest into the discussions as men—for, however, political parties are opposed to woman suffrage, they are always willing to utilize the influence of women. Mother Clarkson was captain of one of the Harrison troops. We read with astonishment of her riding at the head of her fair campaigners a distance of seventy-five miles to take part in a political meeting. We also read that the women of her company presented a banner to a political club in Brookville, and while Mother Clarkson made the presentation speech she held in her arms the

infant Richard P. Clarkson, now the editor of the Register. That political baptism has been an influence in Iowa politics.

Twenty years later Father Clarkson was a member of the Republican convention at Chicago, which was confronted with the old issues of 1830—secession and slavery. They could no longer be postponed and the members of that convention sat consciously in the shadow of coming events, momentous and awful. Men ventured upon their solution with hesitation and we find even so determined a man as Father Clarkson, who never put aside a duty because there were difficulties in the way, voting, with other men on the Iowa delegation, on the first ballot, for Judge McLean, of Ohio. On the second ballot he took his place in the Lincoln ranks which finally won the battle in the convention. The next day we catch a glimpse of him marching, with hundreds of other enthusiasts, through the streets of Chicago with a rail on his shoulder. Twenty-eight years later we find a fitting close to Father Clarkson's political life. He was at the Register office when the news of Benjamin Harrison's nomination fell like a shadow upon the assembled Republicans who seemed unwilling to accept the news of the nomination of the Indiana statesman. It is only just to say here that Mr. Blaine was a political idol in the Register office from 1876 to 1892 and that, though he had placed himself outside the hope of nomination by his letter written from Florence, Italy, among those who were gathered at the Register office to hear news from the convention there lingered the hope that in some way or other the honor of the nomination would again fall upon their political favorite. But Father Clarkson had known Benjamin Harrison's grandfather. The old memories of 1840 stirred within him. Through the silent crowd he made his way to a farm wagon standing in the street and climbing into it with his three score years and fifteen, he made a speech which inspired everyone who heard it. Those who heard that speech never doubted the outcome of that campaign. The substance of what he spoke there was telegraphed over the country and became the starting point of the Tippecanoe revival, which helped to elect Harrison president. So it was that the enthusiasm of the campaign of 1840, for forty-eight years stored up in the hearts of men like Father Clarkson, helped to win another victory for the principles for which William Henry Harrison had stood.



"FATHER" CLARKSON.

Father Clarkson, always a man of influence, might have held many political offices, but he put all aside. A less self-reliant man would have accepted office under the first Harrison, when every avenue was open to such a career. In Iowa the door to congress, and the door to the governorship seemed to stand open, but he passed both alike. He held two elective offices only. He was supervisor for Grundy county, led to it by a desire to place the affairs of his county on a business basis. Order was his first law and the business sense was very strong in him. As a business man he was successful. Everything he undertook succeeded and everything he touched prospered. In 1863 he accepted the nomination and was elected member of the state senate. One of the monuments he helped to rear at that time is the Iowa State Agricultural College. In 1863 he visited the army for President Lincoln and under President Grant he went to the Pacific coast on a secret mission for the government. It is a significant point in his character that he never revealed to the members of his own family the objects of that mission. No man could keep a secret more profoundly. Grant also offered to make him commissioner of agriculture—now the office of secretary of agriculture. President Garfield offered him the same place. He refused both times. He served with distinction to Iowa agriculture on the Centennial Commission. His memory is preserved in no dusty political archives, but in the hearts and homes of the people. He rose by his own force of character and lives after death by virtue of what he did in his own person. He illustrates the possibilities of an independent American manhood.

Father Clarkson was past sixty when he entered upon his career as agricultural editor of the Register and was past three score and ten before he was at its zenith. He was successful as a writer because he wrote, not merely what he thought, but what he had lived. This is becoming more and more the test of successful authorship. He was read and copied and talked about. He was quoted as authority from one end of the state to the other. He wrote as the friend and counsellor of every man who labored on the farm; he encouraged the young and helped them to start aright, and confronted and consoled the wives and mothers, whose toil so often goes unrequited and unappreciated. Everything that

he wrote was filled with common sense and saturated with his strong personality. He was opposed, often attacked and sometimes reviled, but this only stimulated the old blood which had made its way "through difficulties." The effect which these writings had upon Iowa agriculture can not be overestimated. He taught those who toil in fields to labor with their heads as well as hands; to plan as well as execute; to substitute fixed purpose for blind chance; intelligent calculation of consequences for a vague belief that things merely happen. As Franklin drew the lightning from the clouds to help mankind, so Father Clarkson drew science from the closets of the learned and from the books of dreamers and showed how it could be applied to growing corn in Iowa and to fattening hogs and steers for market. He preached the doctrine of fine farming, fine stock and fine men. From Melrose Farm he waved a magic wand greater in measured results than Prospero's.

The literary style of Father Clarkson was remarkable for its clearness, its incisiveness, strength and beauty of diction. He wrote with a powerful pen, which was yet a graceful one. His paragraphs not only had the sudden flash, without which they are worthless, but had the staying flame, without which they are rhetorical powder burned to no purpose. His paragraphs read like nineteenth century proverbs. They were by no means limited to topics connected with the farm, they covered the whole gamut of life and its affections.

The man who wrote long editorials with clear logic and graceful diction and who penned paragraphs that burned and soothed, alternately, left on record that all the schooling he ever enjoyed was comprised in fourteen months' attendance upon the imperfect schools of the early part of this century. If before we wondered at his literary achievements; now we marvel and are astonished. Where did he learn his art — we will not say style for the style is always the man — but the art? Where did John Bunyan learn to write *The Pilgrim's Progress*? Where did Abraham Lincoln learn to compose his Gettysburg oration? The world was their school-room and all the people they met their school-masters. They taught themselves. They were their own masters and their own pupils. As might be expected, Father Clarkson, like Horace

Greeley, had a contempt for empty learning. An educated fool was his abomination. He recognized nothing worthy of his praise that was not genuine. He hated all pretense and all make-believe. His pen and his voice were alike arrayed against all shams and humbugs. Error and all manner of falsehood he hated with a giant-like force and fierceness that remind one of Thomas Carlyle. But the genuine, the good, the pure, the beautiful and the noble always found in him a gallant admirer and strong defender. He thought in a straight line; lived and wrote in the same way. He loved flowers and that is how the perfume of nature got into his writings. He admired women and loved children and deified the family, and that is why he wrote so close to the hearts of the people. But this man who lived close to nature and worshipped truth unfalteringly, loved books also and was a student of the English masters. Mr. Charles Aldrich has placed on record how once he expressed his contempt for newspaper men who assumed to write knowing nothing of "Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Burns, Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Lowell, or the great historians."

There is one element in his life that remains to be considered, and that the highest — the religious. His religion was part of the man and part of his life. He never separated it from himself, nor from his thoughts and actions. It was part of everything he did. It was like the rest of his nature, unyielding, irresistible and irrepressible; powerful when attacked, but otherwise gentle. His morality and religion were made out of one piece. They were one. From Maine to Iowa there was no deviation from the moral straight line. He never compromised. The distinction between right and wrong was finely drawn and never violated. With many more modern ideas of right and wrong and with modern doubts and questionings he had no sympathy and no more patience. He joined the Methodist church in 1830, when he was nineteen years old, and was a loyal and ardent son of the faith to the last. He was the friend of Bishop Simpson and all the earlier bishops of the church, from 1832 to 1875.

Marcus Aurelius commends the precept of Themistocles, the Athenian, constantly to think of some one of the men of former times who practiced virtue. This is what we have tried to do in

this short study of Father Clarkson. He not only practiced virtue, but he became great. Others have been made great by the accidents of politics. He became great by the force of his own character. Standing on no pedestal, clothed in no robes of office, he is still easily foremost among the great men of early Iowa. If this great life has been here studied imperfectly, the assurance of Carlyle still comforts us: "that great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him."



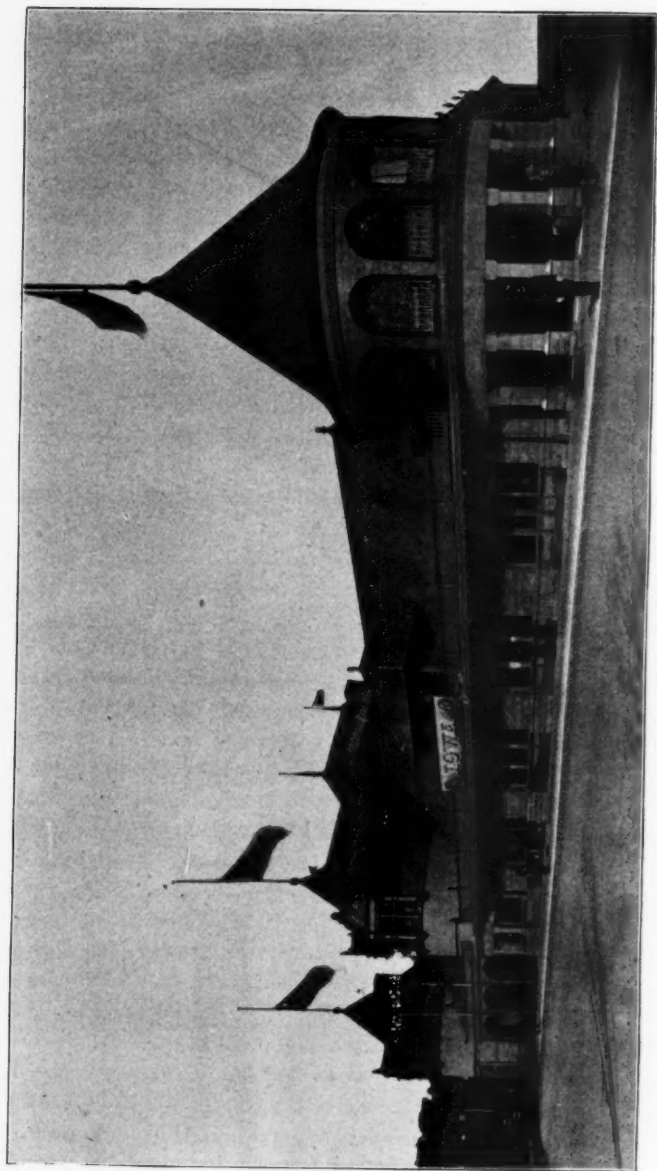
IOWA AT THE WORLD'S FAIR. I.

BY ORA E. MILLER,

PRESIDENT OF THE IOWA BOARD OF LADY MANAGERS AND MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

On the first day of May, 1893, the World's Columbian Commission threw open its gates to the world and displayed the pilgrimage of nations and of generations, showing the results and fulfillment of centuries of effort. When, later, the vast throng of people of all countries, chiefly of our own land, came surging in and there beheld with awe and wonder the greatness and grandeur of the spectacle, astonishment quite overcame them. All felt what one clear voice was heard to utter: "It is too magnificent! I cannot comprehend it all! It is as if vast worlds and long centuries had been brought before me in a space of seven hundred acres, and I with only a few short weeks at most in which to study what has taken hundreds of years to produce!" All realized far better than before how the Old and the New World had for ages struggled to attain this height of progress and prosperity.

The massive white buildings, which had grown like magic within the short space of two years, were so grand and magnificent they seemed surrounded with a glory all their own. Man appeared



THE IOWA STATE BUILDING.

to sink to pigmy dimensions before these great structures, and we were led to wonder if they could have been erected by human hands. They resembled more a newly created work.

With the first official introduction of the people to the Exposition, the great doors of the Iowa State Building swung back on their massive bronze hinges, to remain open until the close of the Fair.

Iowa gave of her best. The exhibits in the Iowa State Building embodied both prose and poetry, and suggested both the real and the ideal. Praise for the artistic decorations was on every tongue. This grand young State stood, as ever, poised at a height few other states attained and none surpassed. No commonwealth in the Union bears a prouder record than Iowa. With all her past honors, this last grand success will make a record to which all her citizens may point with well-founded pride.

From that first gay May morning to the sad November closing, Iowa, with her building and exhibits, was accredited as a prominent part of the Exposition. Her fame had reached the most remote traveler previous to his entrance upon the grounds. No visit to the Fair was complete unless Iowa was included. As the days passed, the objects of her hospitality increased, and during those last weeks the building was crowded from daylight until sunset, no one leaving disappointed. True hospitality was there shown to all. Her arms were extended in welcome, not only to her own people, but also to neighboring states and to all nations. Thousands gave expression to the home-like feeling that pervaded the building. The furnishings were complete and beautiful, but with chief thought for the comfort and convenience of the visitor. All felt instinctively the hearty welcome. In the estimation of the State's representatives, nothing in the entire structure was too good for their guests; not a chair, nor a sofa, from the daintily furnished parlor to the hundreds of chairs and benches on the lake front and in the pavilion, but belonged to them and was at their disposal.

At noon hundreds of people would bring their luncheon and enjoy the cool breeze on the inspiring lake front, where they had the dual advantage of rest and a grand musical treat furnished by the celebrated Iowa State Band, under the direction of Band-

master Phinney. This kindness to the weary pedestrian—the delightful music—seemed to many a stranger like an anthem, telling of the true brotherhood of man. So long as memory lasts, these little ministrations will remain deep in the heart of the appreciative visitor.

The hostess of the Iowa Building, Mrs. F. N. Chase, was on duty every hour, extending all the courtesies and kindness that a thoughtful mind and kind heart could suggest to relieve those who were ill or fatigued, and otherwise making the social feature one long to be remembered.

This beautiful building, one hundred and eighty-five feet front and extending one hundred and eight feet deep, is situated on the lake shore at the extreme northeast corner of the grounds. The location is a delightful one. No less happy was the idea of displaying therein, with highly artistic arrangement, the resources, wealth and industrial development of the State. This purpose was successfully accomplished by Messrs. Milward and Clark, Iowa decorators in natural products. It is not possible for me to give the reader any definite conception of the extent and beauty of the varied decorations in the pavilion. They were not only delightful to view, but also instructive, showing the grand possibilities of the Hawkeye State, the diversity of her soil, the advantages of her location, and the success of her efforts in agriculture. The showing made a vivid impression of the State's vast acreage of prairie, a few years ago unoccupied, now transformed into rich farms and occupied by prosperous and progressive farmers.

To no one was this artistic grain decoration a greater pleasure or surprise than to the farmer himself. Though thoroughly familiar with grain—having spent his life in working the combination of soil, rain, sunshine and cultivation—yet this artistic use of corn and other cereals was a revelation. In the future new beauties will be discovered in his corn fields. In the golden grain he will hereafter see more than mere market values.

Corn-cooking lessons were given in the pavilion by Mrs. Ewing and Mrs. Scott, of Iowa. The beautiful room abounded in pictures made of corn. The palatable corn-food produced, and sampled by all, gave the stranger new interest in the "corn belt," and the farmer of this region fresh impetus for his work. It

awakened anew the old half-forgotten echoes of Longfellow's song, "Blessing the Cornfield."

In the center of the room was a glass model of the State Capitol, at Des Moines. This miniature building was perfect in proportion and filled with the various grains of the State, thereby producing the effect of marble. Here also was shown the flax industry, in the unique form of a small flax palace. A black, glittering and imposing castle, built of coal, represented another product of the State. There were also great pagodas upon which was displayed corn of such wondrous coloring and enormous size that one was a little suspicious lest art had assisted nature! But when the visitor viewed the actual cereal exhibit he was satisfied at a glance that it was nature's work alone.

Gen. Ed. Wright's Information Bureau was a source of pleasure and satisfaction. Here the General always had an appreciative and anxious crowd. At the Postoffice, Mr. Towle gave courteous attention to all. The register was presided over by Miss Elizabeth Gardner. The Check Room was also a convenience to thousands.

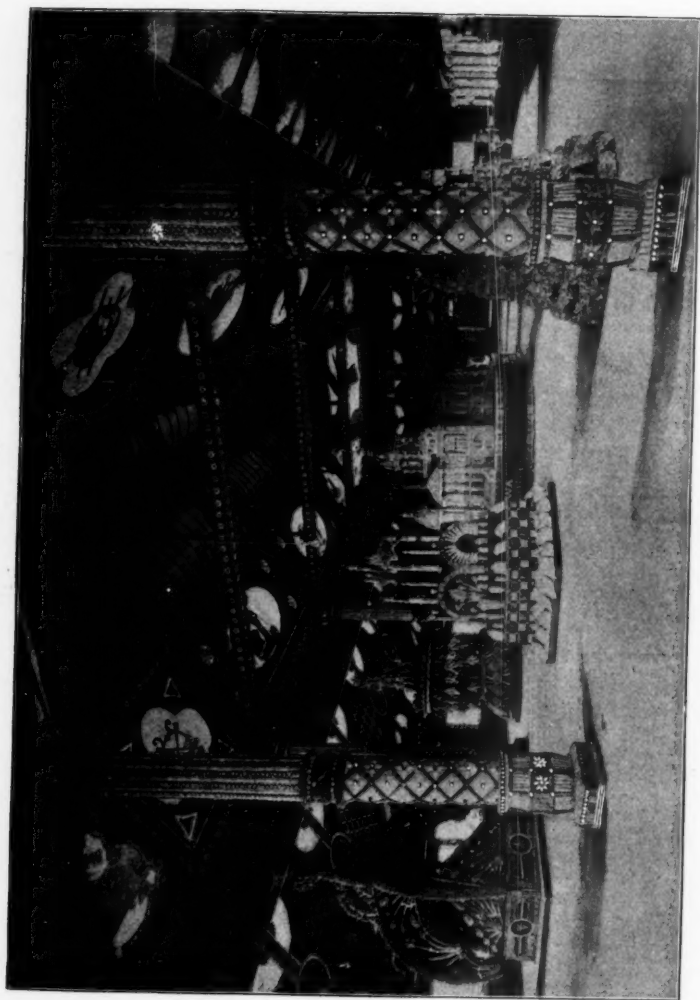
The chief attraction in the large main hall was the fire-place with immense gas logs. The inscription on the mantel was greatly admired. It reads:

"Iowa — The Affections of her People, like the Rivers of her Borders, flow on to an Inseparable Union."

To the left of the hall were the Ladies' Parlors. These rooms were particularly handsome in architecture, furnishing and decoration. Through the glittering light of a beautiful, stained-glass window could be read: "From the Ladies of Council Bluffs." On the mantel was a marble clock, built in the form of the State University, and presented by the ladies of Iowa City.

The Governor's Room was furnished in a style fitting that high official's position. A fine portrait of Governor Boies occupied a prominent position on the wall.

In these rooms one could not fail to note the remarkably fine decorations by Messrs. Andrews and Noel, of Clinton. Nothing on the grounds exceeded them in artistic value. The Gentlemen's Parlor was also decorated with equal care.



THE PAVILION, IOWA BUILDING.

On entering the room marked "Secretary's Office," the real earnest work and workers could be found. Miss Albright, the faithful stenographer, was ever-present. The click of the typewriter, the rush of the pens, all told their own story. The Secretary of the Iowa Columbian Commission, Mr. F. N. Chase, was always on duty, busily directing but never too occupied to give a cordial greeting. Only those who have daily breasted the restless rush of human activity, armed with interrogation points, can comprehend duties of this nature.

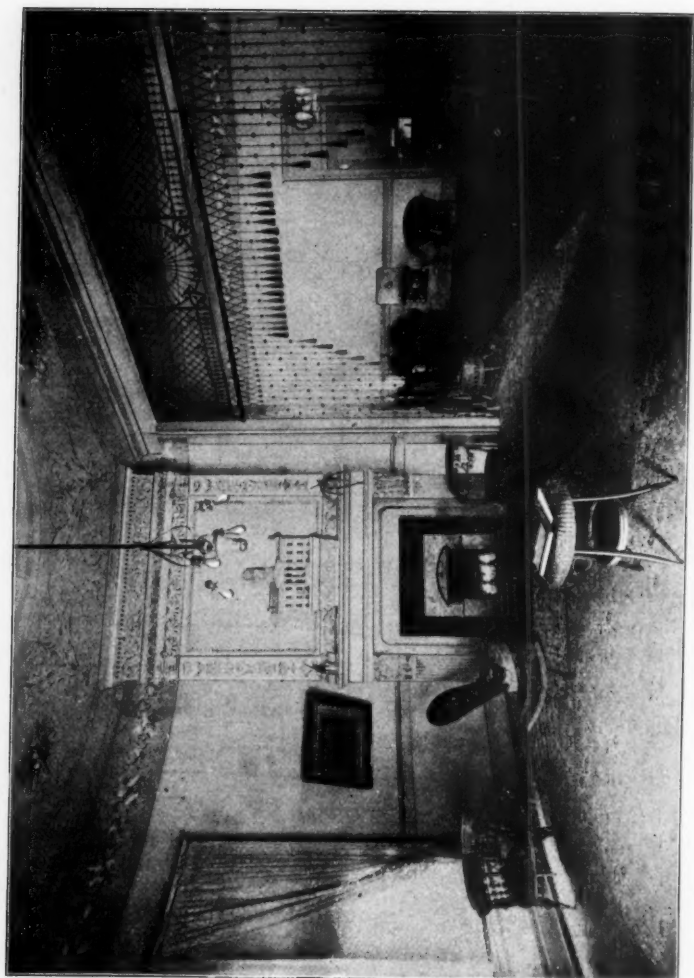
In the room adjoining were the desks of Mr. S. H. Mallory, Chairman of the Executive Committee, and Mr. Jas. O. Crosby, President of the Commission.

The second story was reached by a broad, generous stairway. Along the walls were hung large maps and photographs of prominent cities of the State. At the head of the first stairway was Cornell College register. The large room known as the Assembly Room was devoted to State Institutions, colleges, photography, and woman's work. The walls were hung with pictures that would have done credit to a much older State. In an adjoining room was displayed the gem of the art exhibit, Mrs. Harriet A. Ketcham's "Peri at the Gate of Eden."

I have not attempted to note individual exhibits, yet the wood-carving by Mr. Ralph Perkins, of Burlington, was of such true artistic merit that it attracted the attention of every visitor.

On the Speaker's platform at the end of the Assembly Room was a beautiful carved chair, made by the ladies of Dunlap; other interesting additions to the furnishings were tables and chairs presented by the ladies of Vinton, and a marble table by the Decorah ladies.

The Press Room and Library was kept in the most approved manner by Mrs. Sara B. Maxwell, formerly State Librarian. This room was beautifully decorated under the direction of Mrs. John F. Duncombe, of Ft. Dodge. From the windows a charming view of the Lake was obtained. The book-shelves were filled with seven hundred books and pamphlets, by Iowa authors,—a very good beginning for a State just entering upon a new era of literary activity, of which *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY* is the prophet. The paper files were always filled with late daily and



THE LADIES' PARLORS, IOWA BUILDING.

weekly papers, from all the cities and towns in the State. This was a room well calculated to interest the intelligent visitor, as here was to be found one of Iowa's most potent forces of progress.

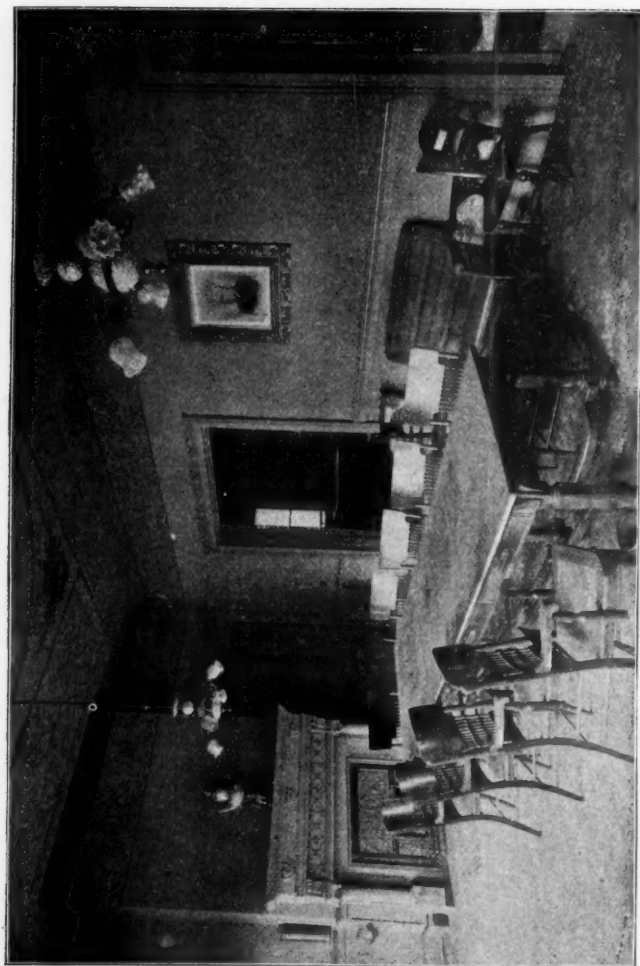
The social feature was one of great importance, and should occupy no inferior place in the history of the Iowa Building at the Fair. The reunion of families, old neighbors and friends, within the portals of the Iowa home, was a most fitting culmination of the State's hospitality.

The reception given Miss Clara Barton, a woman all love to honor, was one long to be remembered. The reception and entertainment given the Iowa Press Association and the National Board of Lady Managers was a particularly brilliant occasion. Iowa had the honor of entertaining many distinguished guests, not only Americans but visitors from abroad. No other State Days compared with the Iowa Day in imposing grandeur and patriotic loyalty. The grand march, the exercises in Festival Hall, the musical programs, the ringing of the Liberty Bell, the elegant receptions given in honor of Governor Boies, all were alike attended with gratifying success. The beautiful State badges, given away by the thousands, the artistic little souvenir, and the instructive and elaborate handbook, were admired and greatly appreciated.

The unique corn banquet, given to Executive Officers and Foreign Commissioners, to demonstrate the use of corn as a food product, was to all a great astonishment, incentive and inspiration. Iowans were singularly fortunate in having the honor of welcoming many distinguished official representatives and disclosing to them the beauties and advantages of their State.

It is impossible, in this brief paper, to enter into an account of the various Iowa Departments in the General Buildings, or even to refer to the honors bestowed upon them. Neither can the inexhaustible and deeply interesting subject, "Woman's Work," be entered upon here, as this paper simply tells of Iowa's Building at the Fair.

I am pleased to be able to say that the work in the Iowa State Building was prosecuted with the utmost harmony and good feeling. I cannot adequately express the satisfaction and happiness it has given me to be associated with such efficient and congenial people in this most important work.



THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM, IOWA BUILDING.

While I have attempted to give an impression of what was done for Iowa at the Fair, I cannot prophesy the marvelous and immeasurable influence and benefit that will grow and expand from these well-directed efforts to reveal to the world the great beauty, productive capabilities and possibilities of our State; the sacrifices, the splendid triumphs of right and truth, linked as they always are with indomitable courage and unshaken and invincible faith; and all seen through a perspective extending backward only a little more than a half-century. When this generation shall have passed away, and all who have feasted their souls and minds upon the beauty and infinite variety of the Fair shall have joined "the innumerable caravan" on beyond, the Iowans of that coming time will proudly recall this Columbian Year as indeed a year of grace, a year from which a new era of progress for Iowa is to be dated.

Though workmen destroy the buildings themselves, History and Art will preserve the magnificent picture, as a whole and in detail. In this grand company of Nations and of States Iowa will take high rank. The influence of her exhibition of energy, resources and possibilities will be the admiration of posterity. To those whose good fortune it was to be connected with this event, its memories will remain a permanent source of pleasure and satisfaction.





MRS. VIRGINIA J. BERRYHILL.

WOMEN'S CLUBS IN IOWA.

BY MRS. VIRGINIA J. BERRYHILL.

The conception of a union of Iowa clubs originated with the Women's Club of Marshalltown, Iowa. It is now nearly two years since a formal invitation was extended to the women's clubs of the state to meet in Marshalltown to celebrate the seventh birthday of the Marshalltown Women's Club and consider plans for a permanent organization. The response was fervent and unexpected. "We thought we should rejoice if we had twelve delegates. We entertained eighty," said one of the members. The occasion was one of rare inspiration, and reports from the delegates and a reception occupied the afternoon and evening. Mrs. Whittaker, in her address of welcome, sounded the key-note of the occasion. "Woman has discovered that her world is a sphere and not a hemi-sphere. She has discovered that life and duty and talent are trusts, and that she must give the 'fulness thereof'. She has discovered that the heights of womanhood mean sisterhood."

The Des Moines Women's Club sent greetings and a goodly number of delegates. Their interest in this seventh birthday was an especial one as the first president of the Des Moines Women's Club was present and assisted at the christening of the Marshalltown organization, thus standing in the relation of god-mother to the fair young daughter.

Cedar Rapids was represented by the Tourists' Club and the Ladies' Literary Club. The Thirteen Club of Manchester; the West Union Tourists' Club; the Chariton History Club; the Jefferson Ladies' Reading Circle; the Tuesday Club and Shakespeare Club of Ottumwa, the latter a club which had studied Shakespeare for fourteen years and astonished and impressed the hearers with the sincerity and thoroughness of its work; the Ladies' Art Club of Cedar Falls; the Vinton Class in Literature; the Lowell Chautauqua Club from Boone; the Mt. Vernon Ingleside Club; the Grinnell Historical Circle; the Nevada Women's Club; the Isabella Club of Nashua; the Ames Suffrage Society; the State Center Ladies' Reading Circle; the Ladies' Literary Circle of Creston; the Newton Friday Club; the Cliothalian Club of Chariton;—all were represented.

Mrs. Howe, of Marshalltown, closed the afternoon exercises with a report and a quotation from the immortal essayist, "'Where do we find ourselves? In a series of which we do not know the extremes and believe that it has none. We find ourselves on a stair. There are stairs below us which we seem to have ascended. There are stairs above us, many a one, which go upward and out of sight.' You, in your kindly coming to us today, have aided us up several stairs with a bound."

As the inspiration for great efforts and great deeds is the vital spark which precedes action, so this occasion at Marshalltown was the influence

which has borne fruit in the State Federation of Women's Clubs. An immediate organization was not perfected then, but there were those present who returned home nourishing the fine flame of desire for furthering such a plan.

This was encouraged, the following spring, by letters received from those interested in the world's work progressing in Chicago. Mrs. Mary Newberry Adams wrote the Des Moines Women's Club, "Can Iowa women come to Chicago a united whole?" Iowa women were not lacking in '61 and '64 when the call came for lint and apple sauce, onions and woolen hose for her brave sons at the front; but, hand in hand and shoulder to shoulder, the Ladies' Aid Society responded to the call. Mothers left their little children at home to gather at a neighbor's house and store provisions and organize sanitary fairs. And did not some of our small and willing childish hands scrape lint bravely and tearfully for the wounds of some sufferer dear through his heroic sacrifice for us? Mother Woods,—blessed be her memory!—sitting upon boxes of provisions, welcomed and cheered, rode into the ranks with stores of good things sent by Iowa women to the boys in blue.

Neither do these women of Iowa fail when the "new era of woman" calls them up and on. The plan of the state organization of women's clubs was presented to the Des Moines Women's Club. Without a dissenting voice they voted to extend an invitation to the women's clubs of the state to meet in Des Moines, April 27, 1893, for the express purpose of forming a state organization. The result was more than anticipated; a part of two days and one evening were occupied in the labors and social events of the meeting. The herculean task of adopting a constitution and by-laws, and election of officers, was performed in something less than five hours, a task which, it was remarked, "men would not have *undertaken* in less than a week." In that limited time, however, the convention was shown to have the courage of its convictions, generosity of sentiment, and reserve power enough to have lasted a week if necessary, but this *fin de siècle* woman knows how to economize time if she knows anything, and, although there was no adjournment for dinner, most of the wives and mothers reached home that afternoon after only a two days absence in forming the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs. The list includes:

Lowell Club, Boone; Monday Club, Boone; Wednesday Club, Cedar Falls; Clio Club, Carroll; Study Club, Clarinda; Ladies' Literary Club, Cedar Rapids; Thursday Club, Council Bluffs; Columbia Circle, Clarence; Ladies' Literary Circle, Creston; Monday Club, Des Moines; Conversational Club, Des Moines; Tourists' Club, Des Moines; Athena Chautauqua Circle, Des Moines; Women's Club, Des Moines; History Class, Des Moines; Review Club, Des Moines; Unity Club, Des Moines; Frank Russell Circle, Des Moines; T. V. Club, Des Moines; Ladies' Reading Circle, Glidden; History Circle, Grinnell; N. N. Club, Iowa City; Monday Club, Indianola; Ladies' Reading Circle, Jefferson; Witenagamote Club, Marshalltown; Women's Club, Marshalltown; Hawthorne Club, Marshalltown; Entre Nous Club, Marshalltown; Shakespeare Club, Marshalltown; Calissonian Club, Marshalltown; Thirteen Club, Manchester; Isabella Club, Nashua; Friday Club, Newton; Women's Club, Nevada; Tuesday Club, Oelwein; Wednesday Club, Webster City; Tourists' Club, West Union.

The following are the officers of the Federation :

President, Mrs. Virginia J. Berryhill, Women's Club, Des Moines; vice-president, Mrs. Mary W. Cogswell, Ladies' Literary Club, Cedar Rapids; recording secretary, Mrs. Margaret E. Greig, Columbia Circle, Clarence; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Anna B. Howe, Women's Club, Marshalltown; treasurer, Mrs. Maria C. Weed, Tourists' Club, West Union; auditor, Mrs. Adeline M. Payne, Women's Club, Nevada.

One of the main features of the occasion was the expressed desire to be in accord with the National Federation of Women's Clubs, and to work in harmony with them. To this end delegates were elected to represent the Iowa Federation at Philadelphia and a request for admission to that organization was expressed.

With this in view the State Federation was represented at Chicago at the Congress of Representative Women, where a report was made, and upon motion at a meeting of the Executive Board the State Federation of Iowa was the first state organization to join the national body. Maine was represented at Chicago and has the distinction of being the first state to organize a federation. Massachusetts was on the eve of forming, and has since taken steps to do so and elected Mrs. Julia Ward Howe as its first president. Maine held her first annual convention October 12, 1893, and sent a cordial invitation to Iowa to be present. So the sisterhood idea is strengthening as state after state organizes, and the federal idea, through which we all look to the national federation to weld and unite the state unions, is a legitimate analogy to the great conception of our nation as a union.

A California writer, describing the strong and rugged character of the civilization of that golden state and suggesting the features of the country as a possible cause, took occasion to compare their mountain and ocean environment with the dead level of the Mississippi Valley, which would never produce more than mediocrity in men, conformable to its dead level of country. But many a theory has been disproved by facts. The rich alluvium of the Mississippi Valley does not produce as large fruit as the Rocky Mountain Slope; but, test the quality! The literary and political greatness of the New England States is *our* pride as well as theirs, for are we not all patriots? With emulation, not envy; with our ideals of life and duty placed nobly where "excelsior" leads us; may not the Mississippi Valley, the heart of the continent, bear fruitage in a golden age of literature, as well as of corn? We are the descendants of New England,—more, we have the heritage in our veins of the thought of Germany, the art of Italy, the science of France, the kingly art of politics from England. Transplanted to a new soil, as a gardener gives the flower new earth and nourishment, have we not a right to expect the fine flower of civilization to grow and expand and produce a truly new variety for the earth to rise and wonder at?

We have been asked, "What is the object of the State Federation of Women's Clubs," and we reply, "What is the object of knowledge? What is the object of effort? What is the object of patriotism? Of what use is a thought until it is expressed and becomes action? Of what use is sympathy and devotion, of courage and justice, of generosity and love, and the opportunities to cultivate them? Of what use is life?" The activities

of life have been summed up into five divisions, the fourth comprising "those activities which are involved in the maintenance of proper social and political relations"; the fifth, "those miscellaneous activities devoted to the cultivation of the tastes and feelings." Men and women are nobly learning and bravely striving to develop these activities; learning to know each other, to recognize their own and each other's capacities; to learn of higher ideals and translate them into their lives.

The purpose of women's clubs is largely educational; but as no religion is complete that does not influence moral action, so no education effects its main purpose which does not bring visible results. The wave of intellectual effort sweeping over the land and exemplified in women's clubs is producing results in every direction where knowledge can avail. Information in culinary science is being placed on a highly scientific basis, and such knowledge is disseminated through clubs and elsewhere. The charitable work of great cities, instituted by such organizations as the Chicago Women's Club, is a noteworthy result in this direction.

None recognize more truly than women the transitory character of this period. We hear Dr. Edson and are not deaf to the lament of "woman's excitement over woman." That it is a transition period and will be looked back upon with some pity, some criticism, some compassion, is true; but the perspective will show no more convulsions of growth than other periods of progress. We recognize the rhythmic motion of society, a long pull forward and a strong pull back, but the farthest reach of the tide affects, where it touches the sand and shells and rocks of the globe's surface.

The State Federation of Women's Clubs was organized in no spirit of rivalry; not clubs versus missionary societies or suffrage societies, any more than schools versus churches or political organizations; but clubs, missionary societies and suffrage societies, churches and schools and political organizations, there is room for all, each working in the field to which his or her capacity is adapted; "with malice toward none and charity to all"; with hope and courage and good fellowship; with belief in Iowa as one of the best states in the Union, and her people with a future of vast possibilities; each one of us striving to fulfil our share of development, materially, intellectually and spiritually. As the standing army of the nation is organized to be ready when occasion demands, with orderly discipline strengthening the powers of endurance and training the will, with attention to detail of the simplest every day duty; so the organization of women may become a discipline, a training school for developing faculties which may be turned to account when the call for duty comes,—not in war and carnage, we trust; but, rather, in the peaceful evolution of the progress of the world, where moral and social problems are daily to be solved with wisdom, with knowledge, with power. Strong in the determination to work out our own salvation, and assured by the conviction that God is working in us to will and to work for His good pleasure, we believe that these are some of the hoped for fulfillments of the purposes of the Iowa Federation of Women's Clubs.

IN THE TRACK OF THE STORM.

A MIDWINTER VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC — PASSENGER LIFE ON
THE ETRURIA — SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON SHIPBOARD.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. I.

IN New York harbor on one Saturday : in Liverpool on the Saturday following ! Three thousand and forty miles by steamer in a single week, or more than 434 miles a day ! And yet even this rate of speed is now accounted slow !

At 7:30 one Saturday morning in February the Etruria quietly slipped from her fastenings at the Cunard landing, and as quietly pushed out to sea. The day was clear and cold, and the fierce wind challenged our purpose soon as the eastward turn was made. Captain Walker coolly accepted the challenge. The sails were set and the wind's wrath was utilized to speed our voyage. We felt the new impetus and were glad, for every flurry from the northwest meant time saved on the passage. In my exhilaration, the lines from Byron's "Corsair" kept running through my head :

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free !"

And as we saw the jolly red-faced seamen, with many a smile and pleasant word, at work upon deck and in the rigging, another couplet came to me :

"Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change."

That same Byron is responsible, too, for other memory-clinging phrases and sentences resurrected from the half-forgotten past in which his verse had taken a prominent part, such as "I have loved thee, Ocean," "I was, as it were, a child of thee," "Thou dost bound beneath me as a steed that knows his rider."

But that was our first day at sea — and early in the day, too ! Before night the steed had thrown his rider, and he of the free soul and boundless thoughts, having sought and with much difficulty found the seclusion which the cabin affords, was at early evening-time a passive inhabitant of an upper quarter section of a four-by-six room, called by ancient custom and modern courtesy a state-room. And he was not alone, for his consort had by several hours preceded him to that pale realm of shade, preëmpting the lower berth for almost continuous occupancy during the rest of the voyage.

Our surrender to Mistress Todd, the stewardess, and to Mr. Lynch, the assistant steward, was ignominious and complete. For days thereafter our every want was supplied by them. They even forced our feeble wills as nurses lead children on from strength to strength. They cheered us (!) with tales of other passengers about us, more miserable sinners than ourselves, and of other voyages severer than this one gave promise to be.

Their respective dietetic theories were separately developed for our benefit. We soon gained an experimental knowledge of what would and what wouldn't "stop down." We found, as Mr. Lynch wisely remarked, that "peoples is different; there's some as cawnt (h)eat meats, an' then again there's many as can." In direct violation of the surgeon's directions we found we could, with moderation, eat apples and oranges with the meats. Just before retiring, our cup of gruel, hot as we could eat it, was much enjoyed, because so "fillin'."

How we slept! The wonder is that we could sleep at all, with a raging sea tossing us from side to side, and with a yeasty condition firmly established in stomach and brain. And what a relief it was to waken as from a five-minutes' doze and find the night gone, or the dreaded long day far spent!

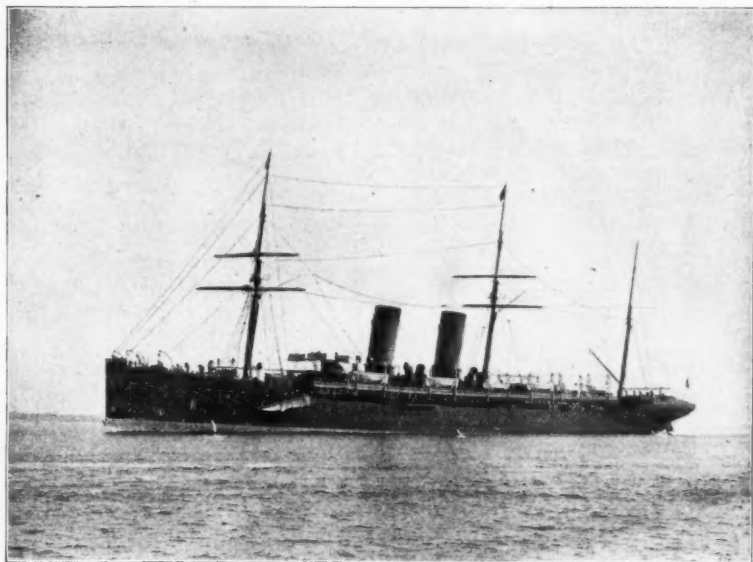
The sea grew more and more rough. The great steamer, said to be the fastest rough sea ship on the water, and somewhat noted as a "high-roller," began on Wednesday to pitch (or dive), as well as roll from side to side. Many, who till then, had remained well, now took to their berths and, renouncing "the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world and all the sinful lusts of the flesh," gave themselves up to meditation in preparation for a new life—on the other side. Even the surgeon next morning confessed he had had a bad night of it, being unable to pack himself into his berth so as to prevent the rolling from side to side. Poor Mrs. Todd looked pale and worn, declaring that she hadn't slept a blessed wink all night, and that from night till morning she lay first on her 'heels and then on her 'ead.

By this time I almost enjoyed the roll and pitch of the vessel and the angry beating of the waves against her sides. My admiration continually grew as I thought of the splendid enginery that could withstand this heavy sea, and for seven or eight long days and nights, without one moment's rest, could push this great hulk on and on over mountain-waves and through yawning chasms from one continent to another. Never for a moment could we escape its music. Its pulsations, from sixty to seventy a minute, seemed to set the time for every individual heart-throb. Thursday night as I lay awake, the engine's throb took forms of words, and, turning up my light and reaching all the way across the little room for pencil and blotting pad, I put the words upon paper as best I could. They were set to the engine's one-two time, and embodied some of the thoughts which came to me on that roughest night of the passage. The first stanza will illustrate the measure into which the engine drove me:

I sing one song by night, one song by day—
 I go! I go!
 I feel the Master lead me on my way—
 I go! I go!
 Companionship is wholly nought to me;
 I joy to sail alone the trackless sea.
 Though Master-guided, who so truly free!
 I go! I go!

The other stanzas as I recall them sang, in Etruria's name of course, something about carrying precious lovers, and earth's great ones,—and small ones too,—and modern searchers for the lost Atlantis, life's flitting phantoms luring them from land, and other alliterative commonplace. It helped me pass the night, and that's the best service rhyming ever did for me.

Wednesday afternoon, after four days of unconditional surrender, with great effort I dressed and staggered along the narrow passage way, up the companion way, past the saloon, where not a few men were having a provokingly good time over their cigars and pipes, and out upon the main



"Waiting for the tide to come in, and Liverpool and Birkenhead in sight." Page 93.

deck. A lurch of the ship made my advent in upper deck society rather unconventional, but with the help of a friendly rope I gained my equilibrium and reconnoitred.

Along the leeward side of the deck reclined in steamer chairs some thirty or forty men and women, wrapped like mummies in heavy steamer rugs, the beards of the men alone enabling one to distinguish the sex of the parties. They were in all stages of convalescence, from the greenish-yellow complexion and a far away look, to red cheeks, bright eyes and alarming vivacity. A few ladies and twice as many gentlemen, proud of their "sea legs" and seeking exercise, were rapidly pacing the whole length of the deck, now at an angle of twenty degrees on one side and a minute later at a

similar angle on the other, the steamer all the while rolling and pitching as with tremendous energy she pushed on over wave after wave toward her far distant destination.

What grandeur! vastness immeasurable, incomprehensible! Solitariness beyond anything I had dreamed! No sail in sight since Sunday, and only the sea gulls to keep us company! Toward night a steamer was sighted to the south of us, a three-master, styled by the first mate a "tramp," meaning thereby a trading vessel not belonging to any of the regular passenger lines. Soon our retreating visitor had slipped out of sight somewhere between the rough edge of the sea and the grayish-red glory of the setting sun.

Thursday was a cold, cloudy day and few could long remain upon deck. Two steamers were sighted and were intently watched until they melted into the abyss between sea and sky. A snow storm of short duration was the event of the day.

Men's sea-legs became firmer. Here I am reminded of the ship barber's definition of the term. "Sea-legs," said he, "is where you has one leg shorter'n tother one minute, an' the next minute your tother leg's the shortest."

Thursday evening I looked in upon the gentlemen's saloon and found the gambling at its height. An English manufacturer and a Scotch distiller were engaged in the boyish game of matching pennies. Their stakes were English sovereigns, however, and it was not uncommon for them to wager ten of them on a best two in three. Another device for putting sovereigns into circulation was a pool, supervised by the saloon steward. The participants drew numbers from a hat, and the number which should prove to be nearest the steamer's sailing record from one noon to the next drew all the money paid for the tickets except what went to the steward as a "rake-off." The next day there were many interested in the figures posted. Several holding numbers ranging from 440 to 450 found eager purchasers at an advance on the purchase price. Poker also had its votaries, but the games were not exciting. Most of the players sought pastime only and played for small stakes.

Not until Friday, our last day at sea, did life take on color for the aforementioned companion in my afore-mentioned misery, the occupant of the lower berth in State-room 30. On that day we paced the deck with a new-found glee. We sat and watched the sea-gulls' flight. We made delightful acquaintances, we took our post of honor at the surgeon's table — and held it! We even joined in a game of shuffle-board upon the upper deck!

Among the passengers was the veteran publisher, Mr. John W. Harper, of New York, a quiet gentleman with a grey mustache, accompanied by Mrs. Harper, a refined and delicate little lady who, to my surprise, bore the trip without apparent discomfort. They have a married daughter in Edinburgh, whom they frequently visit. Mr. Alexander S. McNally, the equally well-known publisher, was also a passenger. Gen. S. D. Phelps, a prom-

inent lawyer and stalwart republican, of New York, sat at the surgeon's table and good-naturedly yet vigorously upheld the honor of the American flag and the policy of protection. A delightful companion was the Hon. Alexander J. Reid, of Wisconsin, consul at Dublin. At Queenstown he left us, much to our regret. The pleasure of our trip was much enhanced by acquaintanceship formed with Mr. John S. Thompson, the extensive dry goods manufacturer of Glasgow, and Miss Thompson, his sister, both of whom had traveled far, and proved to be as genial as they were well informed.

The all-knowing and supercilious Englishman, the most interestingly offensive creature in all the world, was with us; as was also "the fine old English gentleman," the finest mannered man in all the world. The gentle and retiring American maiden who talks surprisingly well when drawn out by a friendly conversationalist, was silenced and shamed by the coarse-voiced American "slang-slinger" of the period, who essayed the ingenue role to her own satisfaction and to the amazement of the fast young Englishmen on board. All types were to be seen upon the main deck, and the lower deck and second-class passengers were equally interesting as studies.

Friday evening while at dinner we passed the beacon light at Fastnet, off the Irish coast, and at 10:30 we were anchored in rough water at Queenstown. Our ship's enormous mail was laboriously transferred to a little Irish steamer which came out to meet us. So glad were we to see the lights of distant Queenstown, and the faces of inhabitants of earth other than those who had with us said good bye to earth six days before, that we stood out in the cold and rain and watched the scene before us with about as much curiosity as Jules Verne's excursionists to the moon looked out of their car windows upon moonly scenes. We had many a laugh at the Irish roustabouts on the "Jackall" as they crowded past each other in their haste to transfer the mail bags.

Saturday at 10 o'clock found us long past St. George's channel, past the Irish sea and anchored upon the bar in the Mersey, waiting for the tide to come in, and Liverpool and Birkenhead in sight. It was a cold, cheerless day we passed waiting to get over the bar. The muddy Mersey reminded our Glasgow friend of Macauley's pun, "the quality of Mersey is not strained." Early that evening we passed the custom house ordeal and soon thereafter were comfortably housed in a delightful "upper left hand corner" room in the Adelphic, looking out upon a Saturday night in Liverpool.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, borrowing a phrase from the politicians, is in the hands of its friends. It is fortunate in having, all over this midland region, friends who greet its advent with enthusiastic efforts more eloquent than words, informing its editor that in its coming they see at least the promise of a near fulfillment of long cherished hopes.

Among THE MIDLAND'S warmest and most helpful friends are the newspapers, most of them edited and published by men who, despite their weight of business cares and editorial anxieties, are deeply interested in magazine literature, and find between the covers of the monthlies a world of entertainment and suggestion.

Another constituency of enthusiastic watchers for THE MIDLAND are the intelligent, cultivated and ambitious ladies who are members of both local and federated literary and art clubs, the number of which, in this state and in the states grouped about Iowa, enters into the thousands. These ladies, deeply interested in the intellectual and moral development of their respective communities, are gratified to find in the new Monthly assurance of a medium of thought and art interchange accessible and inexpensive, and responsive to the best thought and art of this midland world.

The teachers in this region,—preëminently a land of schools,—also the college presidents and professors, and along with them the higher grade of students, are taking deep interest in the founding of a literary and art magazine in their midst, one not above the heads of advanced students, nor yet below the mature scholar's level of literary enjoyment, and, withal, not beyond the reach of men and women with small incomes.

Clergymen, too, are cordially welcoming THE MIDLAND as a secular ally, aiding them, in its own separate way, in the uplifting of home life and the development of the true home spirit.

Lawyers and doctors, everywhere found to be lovers of good literature ; business men, the most numerous of all magazine constituencies ; farmers and farmers' wives, with their sons and daughters, eager for the world's best thought and art and keenly appreciative of all that is true to nature and life ; railroad men, not alone high officials but also conductors, engineers, firemen, brakemen, mechanics in the machine shops, and clerks in offices ; and, last but among the foremost in every true man's estimation, the intelligent mechanics in our work-shops and factories, with their families ; all these, and the large number of magazine readers not thus easily classified, are with THE MIDLAND MONTHLY in expressions of hearty sympathy backed by vigorous support.

* * *

THE MIDLAND will not encroach upon the newspaper field. It will not report the doings of the literary clubs, nor the comings and goings, sayings and doings of people in the literary world. Better than that, as seems to us, it will aim to give to all its readers the best thought and art developed by the clubs, and by the best minds within reach in the whole range of literary activity. It will not enter the field of pedagogy, and attempt to instruct instructors. Better than that, as seems to us, it will aim to give the

weary brain-worker some measure of that intellectual enjoyment which every teacher craves and every wise teacher will have. It leaves science and philosophy to the scientist and philosopher, agriculture to the farmer, trade to the merchant, theology to the theologian, specialties to specialists; and yet it will aim to turn the students of nature to studies from life, and students of life to the beauties and wonders of the natural world; also to interest all men and women of all classes in other worlds than theirs; brightening somewhat their view of life, quickening somewhat their love of nature, and, in some measure, stimulating their noblest purposes and enriching their daily life.

* * *

THE purpose of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY is not to astonish nor to revolutionize the world; nor yet, Paracelsus like, —

"To grasp

At once the prize long patient toil should claim."

It is merely to supply something long seen and felt to be lacking in our midland community and home life; a home magazine, affording scope for the best talent in literature and art, and providing for the home circle a class of reading essentially interesting, not solely to one member of the family, but, in some respects at least, to all, its oldest and its youngest member alike. This magazine will fail of its purpose should it fail to number among its constituents reflective age and picture-loving childhood. Its chief mission, however, will be to provide wholesome diversion and mind-stimulating entertainment for men and women who are engrossed in life's stern duties and burdened with its serious responsibilities.

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HAMLIN GARLAND'S VERSE.

The autograph poem contributed by Hamlin Garland to the initial number of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, in connection with the nine other poems kindly sent us by the author in advance of their publication in book form, presents this versatile *litterateur* in a new light, and one which becomes him well. Hamlin Garland's fame will be enhanced by these poems, for they come fresh and strong from the heart of a man who, reared on prairie soil (in Mitchell county, Iowa), feels whereof he sings, and, with the eye of memory, sees every picture he draws.

The gifted author and poet has thus far been at his best in the short stories which have made him famous. There are too many limitations to verse to long hold the free, wide-ranging fancy of this son of the prairie. To him the July hush of the plains is "songless" and yet eloquent. The "salt sweat" of the plowman, which filled his eyes in other days, contributed to make strong and clear his future vision of the trials and triumphs, the sorrows and joys, of the man behind the plow. His "Settlers" but gives the outline drawing; his "Main-traveled Roads" fills in the outlines — the tragedy and comedy — of the prairie farmer's life.

The little book, felicitously entitled "Prairie Songs," is a valuable addition to our distinctively American literature. It is a question whether any future poet of the prairies will ever surpass in simple strength, earnest purpose, genuine homeliness and true heart poetry, this unconventional

verse which now claims our attention. To us of this midland region there doubtless is discoverable in "Prairie Songs" more of nature and life crystallized into poetry than can be seen or felt by readers whose lives have been spent along the Atlantic seaboard, and whose vision, looking westward, has been intercepted by the Alleghanies. And yet, true natures everywhere respond to the touch that proclaims common kinship, and we shall expect, after the technical school of critics has roundly condemned them, that these poems will find many keenly appreciative readers, not only in the East, but on the other side of the Atlantic and on the Pacific slope. But it is here in this midland region that they will take firmest root, for this is their native air and soil. Here they were conceived, and, though the unfolding came long afterward, this essential fact makes them distinctively songs of the prairies. Few in this region can read such lines as these, from "Prairie Memories," without some touch of emotion bearing testimony to the poet's power:

"Oh, shining suns of boyhood's time!
 Oh, winds that from the mythic west
 Sang calls to Eldorado's quest!
 Oh, swaying wild bird's thrilling chime!
 When the loud city's clanging roar
 Wraps in my soul, as does a shroud,
 I hear those songs and sounds once more,
 And dream of boyhood's wind-swung cloud."

* * *

"SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA."

A famous engraving, long since out of print but vividly recalled by thousands of war veterans, is reproduced in this number of *THE MIDLAND*. Many a veteran of Sherman's army has felt an intense desire to obtain a copy of this historic picture; but the few fortunate possessors of the "March to the Sea" would not part with their respective copies of it, and the plate from which it was printed long since refused to faithfully tell its story, and was destroyed. Its reproduction is fittingly associated with the song which for all time has given a name to the greatest march that history records. Major S. H. M. Byers' song, unlike "Marching Through Georgia" is, of itself, independent of the air to which it is sung, an inspired war poem. With its fitting introduction to Major Byers' interesting narrative of the circumstances under which the song was written, *THE MIDLAND* is now able, through the kindness of Major Hoyt Sherman, a surviving brother of the General, and with the aid of Photographer Hartman of this city, to place a faithful copy of the picture in the hands of many survivors of the war, as well as others who hold dear the memory of veterans departed.

Major Sherman writes:

DES MOINES, Iowa, Dec. 2, 1893.

My Dear Sir,—Replying to your note of yesterday, just received, the original picture "The March to the Sea," was drawn by F. O. C. Darley, N. A., an artist of national reputation, from which this engraving was made by A. H. Ritchie, and published in 1868 by L. Stebbins, of Hartford.

The engraving I have, has been in my possession over twenty years, and I learn that the picture is now out of print, and no copies to be secured through usual business channels.

Very truly yours,

JOHNSON BRIGHAM, Esq., City.

HOYT SHERMAN.

